The Wire Hanger Approach

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The Wire Hanger Approach

by HidingintheInkwell

Summary

Alphas cannot bear children, but both male and female Omegas can. So the government passed and enforced a law upon Omegas that they must submit to the wishes of their Alpha. Omegas are forbidden from purchasing any form of contraceptive, and abortions have been made illegal. When a lunch date turns into a kidnapping, Will is left to deal with the consequences of his captor's actions in a society that goes out of its way to make sure all the blame is placed on him. By any means necessary.

Notes

WARNING: This fic contains graphic depictions of rape and an unsafe abortion attempt. This may also contain possible trigger warnings. It contains a happy ending, but you gotta go through hell to get there. Fortunately, this is a fandom about a cannibalistic serial killer, so I can get away with it!

The New Law

Funny thing was, there had been no real trigger. It was an issue that had been bubbling since before he'd been born. What it came down to was simple. Alphas were incapable of bearing children themselves, even the female ones. The duty of childbearing fell onto Omegas as both the male and female of the Subgender maintained a womb. It was explained to him in school that it worked a bit like seahorses. The female seahorse laid her eggs in a special pouch that the males had, and the males carried the children through to term before giving birth. He'd known several girls growing up who'd been hurt knowing they'd never know what it was like to carry their own child, but a few birthing videos in high school quickly set them straight. Alphas simply didn't have the maternal instincts needed to nurture an infant through to term, and care for them for those first crucial months.

Then, three years ago, something had changed. No one could really pinpoint what it was, but suddenly the Alphas of the nation were up in arms about just how Omegas should be handling themselves. In an effort to maintain the peace, the government passed a law that all Omegas must submit to the wishes of their Alphas. An unbonded Omega was no longer allowed to purchase contraceptives of any kind, nor were they, under any circumstances, allowed to seek medical termination of a fetus without the consent of the impregnating Alpha. Anyone found assisting an Unbonded Omega in any of these acts would be punished with anything as simple as a fine to as severe as jail time. The Omega themselves would be forced into a collar and into a position of total Submission by an Enforcer, made to carry the fetus full term and through the critical months of breastfeeding before the child would be removed from their care and put into the system.

Omegas were highly encouraged to register themselves with the NSBO, the National Syndicate for Bonding Omegas, so they may be matching with a compatible Alpha without the hassle of experimentation and the risk of bringing someone else's pup into a proper bond. It wasn't a heavily enforced movement until a year later, when a mutated strain of influenza leaves nearly a quarter of the population infertile, and the need of Omegas became even greater to maintain the stability of the population. It became almost normal for wealthier families to have as many as three or four Omegas in household. Protests and riots outside Omega Health Clinics increased tenfold, and Omegas as young as 13 were being pawned into Breeding dens. Blood tests became necessary before the purchase of any form of contraceptive, including condoms, and the rules set upon Omegan bodies became strictly enforced.

Groups across the country protested the laws, saying that it was an Omega's right to choose what is done to their bodies, whether or not they got pregnant and if they kept the pup. They argued that it was their choice, but unfortunately the voices of the Alphas were far louder. He'd never forget the first time he'd walked into a middle school on a case, and seen a huddled group of Omegas, boys and girls alike crowded around a table touching the very round belly of an Omega who could barely be past puberty. Several others in the group were looking like they might even be in the first or second trimester, each of them still babies in their own right. He'd had to excuse himself quickly when one of them cried out in excitement about having felt the pup kick. There was no reason in the world a sixth grader should be months away from becoming a parent, yet that's the world these children found themselves growing up in. He vowed then to do whatever possible to keep any future pup he may have out of that kind of world.

Lunch Break

Will hunched over in his coat, pressing the unfortunately thin material as close to his body as he could. *God, it's cold,* he thought, face scrunched and eyes focused on the ground to keep from having to make even accidental eye contact with the other strangers bustling around him. *It's August, for Godssake. The air should not hurt your face in August!* It didn't help that he was already in a shitty mood. He realized that morning that he'd taken his last suppressant the day before, and he was going to have to call Alana to get him more. Alana was an angel in Shrink's clothing, especially since that stupid law got passed. Who were those Alphas to tell him whether or not he was ready to get knocked up and start a family. It seemed ever since he was a kid Alphas had ruled the world, coming up with different ways to keep Omegas "in their place." Bullshit, if you asked him. Without Omegas none of those Prissy-ass Alphas would even be around.

It wasn't that *all* Alphas were bad, Alana was an Alpha and had been his best friend since college when a drunk night in watching stupid chick flicks and eating bad pizza had left them spilling their deepest secrets. Alana had told him that she was a Chimera, she was an Alpha who still maintained a womb, a genetic quirk leftover from the time the Human Race still used stones and big sticks to kill their food (though if you ever walked into the FBI cafeteria on taco day, you'd be hard pressed to find any evidence of evolution). Will had confided that he'd only been pretending to be an Alpha, had been since he graduated high school. He told her about that night the summer before Senior year, a night that had involved a roofie in his Coke and an Alpha hitting Rut. He'd been lucky that it was only his virginity that he'd lost that night. He remembered learning in school about how Ruts could sometimes get violent, and once he'd joined the force he'd seen plenty of Omegas sent to the hospital after one.

Someone barreled past him, causing him to stutter-step to keep from losing his balance and falling into a vendor's sign. He let out a low growl but kept walking. *Probably one of those business men too occupied with holding their noses in the air to bother paying attention.* His stomach growled irritably. He was finally getting a lunch break after a morning full of lectures. He'd been preparing his students for an exam the last few weeks, the case they'd been studying was from a decade ago, an Alpha Male by the name of Gerard Bundt who'd kidnapped, killed, and taken body parts from no less than seven young couples in the span of a year. It had taken the FBI months to find him since his MO was everywhere. It was always a young couple, male and female, but race, ethnicity, Subgender, they all changed. One abduction would be a young Alpha caucasian couple, but the next would be two Hispanic Omegas. The constant bouncing had made it difficult to pin him down until they finally realized they were tracking down a Dr. Frankenstein.

It turned out that Mr. Bundt was trying to rebuild his daughter and son-in-law, a young Alpha/Omega couple who'd been killed in a train bomb several years prior to the killings. Pieces of at least 17 passengers had been scattered for miles, a morbid jigsaw of metal and human body parts spread across a Midwestern countryside. When he'd told them that the coroners weren't even completely sure that they'd gotten all the parts, let alone to all the correct people, one of his students, an Islamic young woman named Naji Hasamadan had been distressed that they would not be able to find peace in Jannah. He'd called her over at the end of that lecture to reassure her that none of the victims had been Muslim, and that he was sure those who'd been religious had been allowed peace in the afterlife. She'd left placated, and Will had returned to readying his notes for his next lecture.

He'd called Alana as he was leaving to see if she wanted to meet him at that little sandwich bistro they typically favored before setting out, opting to walk instead of drive. That had been before he realized just how cold it was, and now he was seriously missing the warmth of the inside of his car. Lifting his hands to his mouth in an attempt to warm them, he was surprised to find them shaking. *It's not* that *cold,* he thought, holding them out in front of his eyes and watching them tremble like April leaves. *Why am I shaking?* He paused in his stride, taking stock and realizing that his entire body was practically vibrating. *What the fuck?* He took a step, only to find the world suddenly tilt and spin, going slightly fuzzy for a moment. He racked his brain, trying to think of a cause. He'd eaten breakfast, he was feeling fine so it wasn't hunger or illness… It hit him. The guy who'd knocked into him earlier… *but why?* He lifted a hand to his shoulder, feeling along the fabric until his fingertips found the frayed edge of a hole, barely more than a puncture. Slipping his fingers under his collar, he pressed down onto an unusually sensitive area. *Bingo. But why?*

Trying to rack his brain proved to be counterintuitive as it only sent another dizzying wave through him and Will found himself having to prop against the nearest building as his legs turned to jelly under him. Voices buzzed around him; a swarm of concerned bees with constantly shifting tone. *Little early in the day for people to be thinking I'm drunk, isn't it?* The thought flickered idly across his mind before it was swallowed by the radio static. Strong arms wrapped around his waist, taking on his weight. His head lolled to the side and his senses were filled with a nauseating combination of Alpha and awful, cheap cologne. His stomach rolled as memories he'd tried his damned best to bury flooded to the surface; memories of coke that tasted a little too sweet, of the world tilting and shifting under his feet as he was led up the stairs and into a bedroom, pinned to sheets that smelled of horny, oversexed Alpha and one too many drunk Omegas. His stomach threatened to rebel, his mind to shut down in an attempt to protect him from the flood of memories being brought back. He tried to struggle, but he felt as helpless as a newborn, unable to even support his own weight, let alone go anywhere even if he did manage to get free. The grip across his waist tightened.

Like Farm Animals

Chapter Summary

This chapter contains graphic rape.

Will came to with an aching jaw and something with sharp edges digging into the flesh of his armpits and thighs. Blinking to try and clear his vision, he tried to sit up, only to find himself unable to move. *What?* Fully conscious now, he tried to focus on his surroundings. He was facing a cement wall, dark, but surprisingly dry and warm. He was completely naked, bent double over some kind of wooden frame that reminded him of the sawhorses his dad used to mount boat motors on when he was a kid. His legs were splayed behind him and his arms were tied to his calves in a way that was already making his shoulders start to cramp and his ribs ache. Something round and hard and just a bit too big had been jammed between his teeth and strapped around the back of his head. His throat convulsed around the obstruction, trying to swallow the excess saliva produced from the odd angle that was pooling under his tongue.

"So beautiful…" a voice growled from somewhere behind him, setting the hair on the back of his neck on end. *Male, Alpha, the guy who'd grabbed him from the street?* His senses prickled as he felt the man move closer. For all intensive purposes, he was blind. The level of light didn't allow for any cast shadows across the wall he was facing, and the carpet beneath his bare feet felt plush, expensive. The kind that deadened sound. He nearly jumped out of his skin when blunt, well manicured nails raked down his spine before grabbing a handful of asscheek and spreading them wide. "So beautiful," the voice said again, dripping so heavily with lust that Will felt his insides contract in an effort to get away. "And to think, you've just been walking around out there like you own the streets, haven't you. Flaunting yourself like a two bit whore…" Will rocked forward as a large hand lay a trail of fire across his ass before he found a thick, very erect Alpha cock before his face.

"Silly little Omega," the cock bobbed as its owner crouched, and Will found himself staring into a pair of sky blue eyes that burned with a malicious lust. They were set into a rather average looking tanned face, dirty blond hair sex-mussed and sticking up around his head like some kind of perverse halo. "Thinking you could really pass for Alpha. I'm going to fill you, I'm going to fill you so much you're going to taste my cum on that sly little silver tongue of yours. I'm going to fuck you until you're swollen with my seed, until that pretty little womb of yours has no choice but to accept my sperm, and then I'm going to do it again, and again, and again until you're too big to even move, filled to bursting with my pups. It's possible to get pregnant while pregnant, you know. That's what I'm going to do, I'm going to

keep you pregnant, turning out pups until you know nothing else. Keep you filled with my seed until every step you take leaves it leaking out of that tight little hole, not so tight when I'm finished with you, but we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. I'm going to breed you until you're all used up, little Omega."

Will felt terror grip him as he stared into those eyes, clouded with lust and wide with excitement. *Crazy eyes,* his mind supplied, drawing up countless pictures of serial killers and nutcases. *They all have Crazy Eyes…* His captor licked his lips, standing and treating Will once again to his swollen cock, already wet with precum. "You see, Omega," the man continued, walking out of Will's line of sight, "I have a sister. She's very dear to me, and she's told me that what she wants more than *anything* is a child… so of course, being the *loving* big brother that I am, I promised her she could have one. She's barren, see. An accident when we were kids. She's incapable of spawning a child. That's where you come in. *You* are going to fertilize my sperm, and bear my dear, *dear* sister a child." Will clenched his hands until his knuckles turned white, insides twisted into a painful knot that made his stomach churn. *Oh God,* he thought, *I'm in a breeding den…*

He'd seen them before. They'd started popping up in the last few years, Alphas wanting children and Omegas wanting money. They were a bit like brothels, Alphas could go, read the stats on the offered Omegas and choose who they wanted to carry their pups. If an Omega wasn't already in Heat, drugs would be provided to induce it. Then it was just a matter of Nature taking over. The Alpha would agree to pay for medical and care while the Omega carried their pup, and then once the Omega gave birth, the child would be given to the Alpha and the Omega would be paid a stipend for compensation. Will had been brought into a few during his career; sometimes abduction cases where young Omegas would be snatched off the streets, usually when an Alpha wanted certain characteristics and nobody in the Den fit, a couple times they'd been murders, an Alpha not wanting to pay up once the baby was delivered. He bit back a whimper. He remembered the looks in those Omegas' eyes, the way some of them looked empty, hollow. They were the ones who'd already given birth five, six, sometimes even seven times. And this man was apparently dead set on turning him into one of them.

He growled as best he could around the ballgag, yanking at the ropes that bound his arms like he could somehow tear free. He heard the man chuckle before walking back around and crouching to meet Will's eyes again. "Silly Omega, it'll go so much easier for you if you don't struggle. If you struggle, I may have to take more… drastic measures. You don't want that, do you?" He pinched Will's chin between his thumb and forefinger and forced it from one side to the other. "No… didn't think so. See, I've been watching you for a while, *Agent Will Graham* ." He chuckled lowly when Will's eyes widened. "That's right, I know who you are. I know you've been using that pretty little Alpha friend of yours to buy suppressants, illegally I might add. Just think, if word got out… what would that do to her career? Yet she

was willing to risk it for you. I also know you just ran out, and that's what you were going to meet her about. Frantic little Omega trying to keep that womb in check."

The man sat back on his heels. "I suppose I could just wait a couple days, let you go into Heat on your own, but you see, Agent Graham, I'm a bit of an impatient man. See, the way I figure, the sooner I fill you with my seed, the sooner my sister can get her pup, and the sooner I get to start all over again. See, I've done my calculations, and if I'm careful, I can get you pregnant four times in a year, at least. Margot's going to be so excited…" He picked up a syringe filled with an amber colored liquid. Without a word, he stood and uncovered the needle, cleared it of air, and jabbed it into Will's ass with the precision of a doctor. As he depressed the plunger, Will felt fire lick through his veins, drawing a cry from deep in his throat, muffled by the gag in his mouth. Flames raced through his body, shooting from the tips of his fingers to the souls of his feet before curling in the pit of his gut. Whatever it was he'd just been given, it had a near immediate response. Something was shifting deep inside him and his skin felt too tight. His already constricted breathing became labored and he could feel slick beginning to run down the backs of his thighs. He let out an involuntary whimper.

The Alpha was grinning, eyes flashing as he caught Will's stare one more time before striding around behind Will. The agent clenched his eyes shut, trying to do the same with his asshole but his captor was having none of it. He lay another slap across the already hypersensitive skin, causing Will to have to bite back a cry. "Now, now, Omega. I've already told you you don't want to make this harder on yourself. Now I don't want to hurt you, but if you don't loosen up this tight little hole of yours," he gave Will's hole an experimental jab that sent tremors down his legs before continuing, "then I'm going to have to take measures to ensure it stays loose. So why don't you go ahead and do us both a favor." The prodding finger pressed harder, forcing itself past rings of muscle and stroking Will's inner walls, sending shards of sensation running through his body. He bit down hard on the gag.

One finger became two, burning painfully even after he gave up and did his best to relax. *Just be lucky he's stretching you first. Unlike last time…* He fought back that thought, choosing instead to focus on something else, something to take his mind away from what was happening to his body. Fly fishing. His dad had taught him when he was younger, had taken him out a couple times to one of the muddy rivers that ran through the bayou around their house, taught him how to tie his own flies. When he moved to Wolf Trap, one of the aspects that had sealed the deal for him on his house was that it was within a mile of a creek that teamed with fish twice a year. He'd go out with his waders and a bucket, dogs running around and sniffing as they followed. He'd spend hours out there, thigh deep in the clear water, casting his line and letting the familiar movement and breeze lull him into a calm. Alana would know to check in on his dogs. When he never turned up for lunch, she would know something was wrong. It eased his panic a bit to know there were people out looking for him. They'd find him. *How could they find you,* you *don't even know where you are…*

Something blunt pressed against his hole, yanking him out from his daydream as successfully as if he'd been doused with ice water. He wanted to tense, to pull away, but whatever drugs he'd been given had induced his Heat, and all his brain could think about was how needy he was, how much he craved to be filled by an Alpha. He heard his kidnapper growl approvingly before he filled Will in one go, pain and pleasure ripping through his body as he was filled in on all sides, the Alpha's thick cock pressing on his prostate without even trying. He cried out, rocking forward but with nowhere to go. Without even giving him a chance to adjust, the Alpha was thrusting long and deep and fast, each push and pull dragging against his prostate and sending wave after wave of sensation through his restrained body. Will was already impossibly hard, tears leaking down his cheeks as he squeezed his eyes shut in shame, teeth biting into the rubber ball until his jaw ached.

He wasn't going to last long, he knew. He couldn't remember the last time he'd gone through a Heat, it must have been back in High School, back before that summer… he felt his cock bobbing with each pounding thrust, aching and leaking without any hope of friction. The Alpha's hips never slowed, never faltered. Will felt his gut tightening in anticipation, and he found himself tied between wanting it to be over, and wanting to prolong the inevitable. He knew as soon as he came, his womb would open like a flower in bloom, ready to accept whatever it was given. He clenched down on the feeling, trying to tamp it like an ill timed cough or sneeze, but the action only drew a groan from the Alpha behind him. "Yes, that's it…" he growled, pace increasing to a point nearing painful. "That's it, greedy little Omega… so greedy for an Alpha's cock, your hole takes it so well, so stretched out for me, taking it like you were born to be a cockslut. Though, I guess you were. You were born to be a pretty little submissive, weren't you, born to drop your panties and gush like a faucet at your Alpha's bidding…"

The words were punctuated with grunts as his thick cock continued to abuse Will's prostate. "But you're different, aren't you *Agent Graham* . You're feisty, you play by different rules, don't you. You won't just drop for any Alpha, you have to be broken first, don't you." The wet smack of skin on skin was loud in the small room. Will felt the press of a larger body lay across his back, pressing his ribs against the padding of the bench and constricting his breathing even further. He gasped around the ball, heat from the inside and the body on top of him nearly suffocating. "I'm going to enjoy breaking you," the Alpha growled in his ear, reaching around and gripping Will's cock tight, giving it a tug that bordered on painful, but the friction was enough to tip him over the edge and he spent his load onto the carpet beneath him, ass clenching around the cock buried to the hilt around him. A large hand pressed into his back as the Alpha straightened, thrusts speeding as he pistoned in and out of the gasping, leaking hole.

Will was trembling beneath him, each thrust abusing his already sensitive prostate. His cock was already beginning to fill again, and he clenched his eyes shut, shame burning like acid behind his lids, trailing lines of fire down his cheeks. He cursed his obliviousness, his body's

involuntary reaction to stimuli. He could feel the Alpha's knot beginning to swell, pressing painfully against his inner walls. There was barely any pull out now, he could feel the Alpha's shaved balls smacking continuously against his own, and briefly allowed himself to entertain the mental image of a game of ping pong Jimmy had roped him into at the last Christmas party. The distraction worked for a little bit, until the Alpha pulled out to the tip before grabbing Will's hips and thrusting into his hole like a blade, sheathing himself in Will's heat. The Empath screamed around the gag. The Alpha's knot was huge, easily the size of a child's fist as it forced its way past muscular rings to root itself. Will felt slick run down his thighs with the displacement, pain radiating up his back. The Alpha grunted his release, painting Will's insides with his hot seed, rocking back and forth like he could physically push it deeper, force Will's body to accept it.

Silent tears were streaming down his face as the Alpha came for what felt like hours. He felt uncomfortably full, but he knew it was only the beginning. Something told him the Alpha wasn't done with him for the day just yet. Maybe it was the way he was rocking back and forth even after his load had been released. The knot pressed uncomfortably against his internal muscles. He was relieved when he finally felt it begin to deflate, but the relief was short lived as the Alpha once again began thrusting, seeming to not even have gone soft after such a release. Cum and slick squelched uncomfortably as he began thrusting again, and Will felt himself go limp against the bench. He was already growing hard again despite the pain of oversensitivity.

He came three more times before the Alpha finally pulled out for good. His legs had gone numb over an hour before, and he'd taken to letting himself hang limp. He was positive that there were permanent teeth marks in the rubber ball that gagged him. Cum and slick leaked out of his abused hole, gaping at the sudden emptiness. He was positive that he'd never get the squelch of the other man pistoning in and out of three loads worth of cum, the wet smack of flesh on flesh and the way he grunted wantonly out of his head. The Alpha took a step back, hands gripping Will's ass cheeks and spreading them to examine the no doubt reddened hole. He hummed in apparent approval before stepping away. He heard the steady roll of a drawer opening and then clicking shut before he felt the heat of the Alpha against the backs of his legs. Something pressed against his sore hole, pushing past abused muscles and drawing a groan of pain from the Empath. It was tapered, so he could only assume it was a plug, but it was big, bigger than the Alpha's cock had been, nearly as big as his knot. It burned as it displaced muscles until the Alpha had it seated, ensuring that the mix of seed and slick had nowhere to go. The calloused hand caressed his hip almost lovingly, the action making his skin crawl with invisible ants.

"Someone will be in later to feed you," the Alpha said. "I'll be back tomorrow to check on your progress. Too much to hope you'll take on your first go, unfortunately. But your Heat

will continue, so fear not. Goodbye for now, *Agent Graham* ." Will heard the slide of metal on metal, well oiled and nearly silent save for the clang when it came into contact with the latch. Then he was alone. He sagged best he could against the bench, stomach slightly bulging with cum. It sat uncomfortably against the padding of the bench, and he was unable to shift enough to relieve the pressure. He'd had an enema once as a child, he'd gotten sick and his dad had wound up taking him to the hospital. It had felt a lot like this, only difference being that had passed with a trip to the bathroom. This time, Will was almost positive he'd never know what it felt like to be empty again. A sob escaped his throat, but he refused to break down co mpletely. He wouldn't give the Alpha the satisfaction. Instead he focused on taking stock of what he knew.

The man who kidapped him was an Alpha, diranged, and had a sister who he was likely emotionally manipulating despite the fact that he has evidently promised to give her a child. He knew who Will was yet he kidnapped him anyway. Did Will have some attribute that the sister was looking for? He was tied to a breeding bench and the Alpha was evidently determined to make sure Will got pregnant, which meant that he was confident the Empath wasn't going anywhere. He had to know that Jack and the rest of the team would be looking for him, Alana would have called the moment Will didn't show and she got no answer from his phone about why he was running late. If the Alpha was this confident, he was either cocky, or Will was somewhere hidden. The room he was in had no windows, so it could either be a basement or maybe an internal room. He held his breath, willing his heart rate to slow so he could hear more than the rush of blood. Nothing. Either the walls were incredibly thick or he was underground.

He released his breath slowly, shifting in an effort to find a more comfortable position but unable to find one. His stomach still felt uncomfortably swollen, each shift and clench reminding him of the fact that he'd just been filled like a water balloon and then essentially corked. They'd been taught in school that sometimes when an Omega's Heat is too strong, or a couple is trying especially hard to conceive, they will use a plug after mating to keep the sperm internal, give it a better chance of fertilization and make the Omega's body think it's still full. Whoever this Alpha was, he was making sure Will's body never had the chance to reject his seed.

The clank of metal was loud in the stillness and Will jumped. *God, he can't be back already.* He held his breath, ears trained for any further noise. The scuff of a foot, the scrape of metal against cement, the much louder creak of someone opening his door. Every muscle in his body was tensed, hair standing on end as he waited to see what his visitor would do. Their breathing was soft, much softer than the Alpha's had been, and a second later a pair of small, pale bare feet stepped into his line of sight before disappearing under a white nightgown as their owner knelt. It was a girl, maybe fourteen or fifteen and very, *very* pregnant. She had well kept auburn hair pulled back into a braid away from her round face. Her forest green eyes were dull, almost haunted. She offered him a smile anyway. "I'm Natalie. Mister Mason

sent me." She reached up and undid the ballgag. Will's jaw cracked as he shifted it. "I'm Will," he croaked.

"Nice to meet you, Will. You must be new here. Mister Mason always keeps the new ones benched until they take for the first time. I brought you something to eat. I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to feed it to you. Mister Mason won't allow you out of the bench yet." Natalie opened a canvas bag she must have brought with her and pulled out a thermos. "It tastes a little funny, but you get used to it." She unscrewed the lid, stuck a plastic straw into it, and held the straw to Will's lips. The Empath sucked, recoiling at the taste of over-boiled spinach and iron. Natalie gave him a look of sympathy. "Miss Margot told me that Mister Mason has her grind up vitamins and mix it in. To keep us and the pups healthy. You better drink it, though. Jakey refused when he first came and Mister Mason stuck him with an IV. Mister Mason said that if he isn't going to take his vitamins the easy way, then he's going to have to take them the hard way. Mister Mason takes good care of us, wants to make sure we're healthy so the pups are healthy for Miss Margot."

She tucked the straw back between Will's lips, waiting patiently as he finished the broth before screwing the lid back on and sticking the empty thermos back in her bag. "Do you need to pee, Will? If you do, you need to let me know now. Mister Mason doesn't like it when his Omegas pee while he's filling them." Will's stomach clenched at her words, at the idea of a child touching his cock, but the girl didn't seem to share his discomfort as she pulled another lidded container from her bag, this one empty. "Do you need to go, Will?" Steeling himself, Will nodded. Much as he hated the idea, he hated the idea of what the Alpha-- Mr. Mason-- would do if he lost control of his bladder in the middle of his next rape. Natalie nodded, standing and walking around behind Will. He closed his eyes as he felt her small hand take him in a practiced move, guiding his tip into the container and waiting for him to release his bladder. "Mitchel couldn't keep his bladder under control after his third pup," she chatted idly, setting down the container and wiping Will down with a damp cloth. "Mister Mason ended up putting him on a catheter, made him wear it every time Mister Mason took him so the accidents wouldn't happen again."

She walked back around and sat so she and Will were face to face again. "Do you have any questions before I have to go?" Will nodded, swallowing hard. "How many others does he have here, Natalie?" The young Omega cocked her head to the side, absentmindedly rubbing at her swollen belly. "Seven? Maybe eight? Not including you, that is. You'll probably meet them. Mister Mason always sends one of us or the other to deliver food. He only comes down for tests and breeding." Will nodded, heart growing heavy. "How many pups have you had, Natalie?" This time she smiled down at her baby, but there was a set in her shoulders Will didn't like. "Five, I think? I've been here a while. Sasha's been here longest, she just had a little boy about a month ago, but Mister Mason is having a hard time seeding her again. That's probably why he brought you. All the rest of us are pregnant, Jakey's on his second pup in one go."

“Do you see them? After you’ve had the pups, do you see them again?” Natalie shook her head, eyes sad. “No. Mister Mason takes them soon as they can be off breastmilk. We never see them again. I don’t think Miss Margot is keeping them, though. She comes down a lot to check on us, helps us bathe and wash our hair. I tried asking after my second pup, but she said it was gone. She saw it once and then Mister Mason took it away.” *Does he kill them? Or does he abandon them to the system.* He hoped for the sake of the Omegas he was trapped with that it was the latter, though the criminalist part of his brain told him it probably wasn’t. “How soon till your due date?” he asked. Natalie cupped her belly. “Any day now. I’m hoping for a girl, my last two were boys. It feels like a girl. You’ll see, girls sit different than boys.” She climbed to her feet, slinging the bag over her shoulder. “I’ve got to go now, Will, but I’m sure I’ll see you again.” She cupped his cheek with one cool hand before disappearing out of his line of sight.

Will listened as the door to his cell clanged shut behind the young Omega, stomach threatening to expel the pathetic broth he’d just ingested. *So it isn’t just me, there are more. This psychopath has been kidnapping Omegas for God only knows how long and keeps them constantly pregnant. A constant supply of pups, but he isn’t keeping them. It’s a goddamn breeding farm, and we’re the farm animals.*

Escaping the Breeding Farm

Will was fishing again, hip deep in the cool, crystal water of the creek behind his house. Behind him he could hear Winston barking as he chased insects through the grass. He cast his line, smiling as the fly landed with barely a ripple on the smooth glass surface. It was a good memory, a happy memory. It had been a flawless day in mid-April, Jack hadn't needed him for any particularly gruesome cases in over a week, and it was his day off. He'd gone home at the end of the day with enough fish to last him a couple weeks, longer if he canned or froze them. They were fat silvers, clearly the early spring had been kind. Two days later he'd been called into a case involving eviscerated families posed around the dinner table, the father's heart served as the main course, but in that moment, he was able to clear his mind of the serial killers, the murders, the blood.

He'd been in his cell a lifetime. Could have been days, could have been months. With no sunlight, no access to a clock or any way of measuring the passage of time, there was no way to know how long it had been since his biggest worry was getting his next supply of suppressants from Alana. He slept when he grew tired, which was often with nothing else to do. Sometimes he'd wake up and an Omega would be sitting against the wall in front of him, sometimes it would be Mason, leering at him and ready to uncork him and fill him again, used cum and slick gushing from his hole as it was displaced by the Alpha's solid member, running down the backs of Will's thighs like snakes. Or sewage runoff. Sometimes he'd wake up and he'd be alone, and sometimes he couldn't be sure he was really awake at all. He'd stopped dreaming a lifetime ago. First they'd been nightmares, replaying his constant rape over and over like a bad movie, the rest of his team watching on and laughing. Then they'd been the team coming in and rescuing him, only to abandon him as used goods. Then they'd been the younger Omegas watching on as Mason fed their babies to rabid dogs. Finally, mercifully, they'd stopped all together.

He'd met some of the others. Jakey, a young black Omega with a narrow face, belly swollen with second second trimester and twins while the rest of him was all limbs and bones. He couldn't be older than 12. He saw Natalie again, she gave birth within the first three days of Will's captivity, a little girl with fiery red hair, and brought her in for Will to meet her. There was a set of twins, Indian Omegas about seventeen years old; he met them one at a time, each bringing him a different meal. That was really the only way he could tell time. He was fed two meals a day, if you could call them meals. It was the same vitamin broth Natalie had brought him that first day. In between meals, Mason would come.

First visit he'd remove the plug, replacing it with a long, cold, bill-shaped device that would keep his hole stretched open while still allowing access. The Alpha would then insert a long thermometer into Will's hole, pressing it into Will's cervix and holding it there. The Empath knew what was going on, Mason was taking his womb temp. It was an outdated method of pregnancy testing, readings could determine if an Omega was ovulating or already pregnant. He would also take a urine sample. Will suspected he was testing it for hormones and chemical imbalances in the more common way. Covering all his bases, isn't he.

Mason would replace the plug and leave him alone, another Omega coming in to bring him his first meal, and then the Alpha would be back. He'd take Will repeatedly, thrusting in and out of the Empath's sore hole, the nauseating squelch of body-warm cum echoing in the room the perfect lube substitute. He would knot Will no less than four times, each time decreasing the wait period until his knot deflated enough for him to be able to remove himself without causing more serious damage to Will's hole. After the last time, he'd pull out, replace the plug, and leave again. Another Omega to bring a meal, another visit from the Alpha, and then Will would be left to sleep. Over and over and over, his stomach swollen and empty at the same time. Pain burned in his chest from where bile was finding its way into his throat. His body ached, arms and legs prickling with pins and needles every time he shifted them, or was bodily shifted. His hips and ribs were sore, and he was sure his hips had hand shaped bruises from the constant gripping as the Alpha drilled into him. He'd been milked dry, prostate numb from the constant abuse and cock only being able to give a halfhearted twitch.

He'd been emptied twice since he'd been taken, the first time several days into his imprisonment and, he suspected, only because the spent mix had taken to leaking out from around the plug, the constant pressure on his diaphragm making it hard for him to breathe. He'd met Sasha that day. She was a pretty blonde young woman in her early twenties, eyes a dull shade of grey, like all the life had been sucked out of her. She wore a white nightgown similar to Natalie's, and walked with a pronounced limp, legs slightly bowed. She'd untied his arms, steadying him with surprising strength as she eased him upright, his legs shaking and struggling to hold his weight, his back cracking and sending shards of pain through him as it adjusted to a new position. He let out a whimper as the blood rushed from his head, spent come sinking and pushing down on the plug, threatening to let gravity take over and push it out all together. She'd helped him into a squat over a bucket, reaching down with impersonal hands to remove the plug.

Like uncorking a shaken bottle, Mason's spent cum geysered from Will's trembling hole, landing in the bucket with a splat. It wasn't enough, though. The gush slowed to barely a dribble as reluctant muscles clenched, trying to regain their use. Will let out an agonized whimper, looking down at the paunch that had taken residence in his normally flat stomach. "Shh," Sasha hushed, laying one hand just below his navel, the other on the small of his back, and pressed. "Bear down," she told him as he choked on a gasp, doing his best to force his rectal muscles back into submission. This must be what constipation feels like, he thought to himself as he bit back a grunt, forcing the spent seed out with the help of the pressure from Sasha's hands. Finally he was left gasping and trembling, legs cramped from the position but blessedly feeling much lighter than he had in days. Sasha wiped down his sweat-damp body with a damp cloth, offering him a sip of water before strapping him back across the bench and taking the bucket away. The second time involved an enema that left him cramping even long afterwards, but the process went much smoother than the first time around.

He stretched his neck in an attempt to ease the sharp ache that had taken up residency, ears trained for any sign that Mason was returning. Jakey had come in some time ago with what Will had begun referring to as "dinner", so provided his captor didn't deviate, he'd be treated to another round of "fertilization." Rape is rape, no matter what you call it, Will, a Bev-ish voice whispered. He shushed it. He didn't even want his own voice in his head while he endured this. Let alone one of his friend's. He tried to go back to his creek, to his dogs and the peace of nature, but his mind was too busy spinning. Mason had seemed exceedingly

pleased when he'd finished testing earlier, and the last round of "fertilization" had been particularly enthusiastic. Mason had nailed him with a renewed vigor, his grunts mixing with the squish-suck and wet slap as his cock disappeared in and out of Will's overstuffed hole as he pushed hard between the Empath's shoulder blades, like he could physically fold Will like a pretzel and inject his sperm directly into the Omega's womb.

He heard footsteps, involuntarily tensing before resigning, letting his body fall lax against the bench. Mason had opted to lose the ball gag some time back, preferring to hear the involuntary noises he forced from Will's throat. The gate to his cell squealed on its hinges and he could practically feel the leer on the Alpha's face as he examined the Omega's no doubt red and swollen ass. "Congratulations, Agent," was the only thing he said before he was yanking free the plug and sheathing himself to the hilt in one move. Will bit back a grunt as the thick cock filled him, putting pressure on parts deep inside him and scraping across his abused prostate. "You're gonna look so gorgeous bearing my pups," he growled, going from zero to a hundred immediately, sending Will rocking forward on the bench and actually having to brace his hands best he could on the wooden frame to keep from feeling like he was going to tip over completely.

"I bet they'll look like you," the Alpha continued, words punctuated with vulgar grunts and snorts. "Those dark curls and pale eyes, Gorgeous little pups just like their gorgeous little whore mother. Not that you'll ever know, of course. You're just the birth giver, a pretty little incubator only useful for taking my seed and turning it into pups." Will bit a whimper as pain lanced through his abdomen, forcing bile into his throat. "I bet it's twins, this loose little body of yours so eager to please. The number of times I've taken you? The amount of seed I've poured into that tight little hole of yours, corking you up so you can't go spilling it. You should see yourself, the way your greedy hole takes me so well. Once I have you nice and filled to bursting, maybe I'll take that pretty little mouth of yours too. Those lips would look absolutely sinful wrapped around my hard cock. You take my knot so well, better than any other I've seen. I bet those lips would look gorgeous wrapped around my giant knot as I spilled down that delicate little throat, wet with spit and my seed as I fill you in every possible way…"

The thrusts were becoming impossibly fast, bordering on erratic and they weren't even so much thrusts as they were a constant rocking, as though the Alpha could somehow fuse himself to Will's ass like the Human Centipede, force the tip of his cock into Will's very womb and personally assure that his sperm takes. Silent tears were leaking from his clenched eyes. He didn't want the Alpha's words to be true, didn't want to be pregnant at all, let alone with this monster's pup. He thought of Natalie, who'd just given birth to her fifth child, only to have the infant practically ripped from her arms. Of little Jakey. The kid should be in school, learning his numbers and playing on the playground with his friends, not pregnant with twins in some psycho's basement. Sasha's lifeless eyes hovered in his mind as she helped him void the used cum from his bowels. She was what he had to look forward to, used until there was nothing left. What was he going to do to her when her womb had dried up?

Mason was grunting louder, practically on top of Will, straddling him and forcing his cock into a different angle, driving even deeper than Will would have thought humanly possible. He seemed to be nailing Will's very core, pressing the air from his lungs and sending a sore kind of pain through his ribs. He really is determined to make me taste him… The Alpha was

close, Will could feel it, the way his knot was beginning to swell, catching on the abused rim of his hole. “Yes, yes… so good, you take me so well, little slut Omega. Going to keep you pumped with my seed, gonna keep you filled with my pups till you can’t remember anything else. Gonna tie you to me so you know nothing else but my cock. Twins, triplets. Going to fill you till you can’t even move, the only thing you can do is take my cock and have my pups. I wonder if I can fuck you through the birth, watch that little pup come out covered in blood and my seed, fill that open little womb of yours full before it can close back up. Fill you with a litter.”

The words were quickly devolving into nonsense. The Alpha was practically on top of him, having mounted him and was pounding into him enthusiastically. Will couldn’t breathe. All he could do was gape like a fish out of water, trying desperately to pull air into his lungs even as they were squeezed like a vice under the weight of the Alpha. He wanted to disappear, to die. He didn’t want to bear this monster’s children, didn’t want to be responsible for unleashing this horror on the unsuspecting world. The bench creaked tiredly under the stress, and Will wondered fleetingly if the Alpha would stop of it broke, would even pause, or if he’d keep going, even after they lay sprawled on the ground, pounding into Will’s limp and bruised body. The Alpha’s breath was a sharp rasp in the damp air, gasping and grunting wantonly. Will felt him stiffen, hips pausing where they pressed into the Omega’s, bone pressing against bone. He heard a choked gasp, but the Alpha’s knot was only half swollen, he couldn’t be coming yet. Will waited for the inevitable flood of hot sperm, but it didn’t come. Instead the air was filled with harsh breathing, punctuated by a cut-off gurgle followed by a hiss like air from a punctured tire before the heavy weight of the Alpha fell across his back, crushing him into the bench and thrusting all air from his lungs like he’d just been given the heimlich.

He retched dryly, struggling against the weight. The harsh breathing was still loud in the room, but it wasn’t coming from the mouth inches from his ear. The cock was still hard inside his ass, cum leaking out around it. “Sorry,” a soft voice whispered, and then the weight was being shoved off of him, the body hitting the ground with a thud. Still gasping for breath, Will turned his head to try and see what had happened. Mason lay still, eyes bugging and tongue hanging from his mouth. There was a belt around his throat and his lips were a tell-tale shade of blue. Will swallowed back nausea. The man was still hard. Autoerotic asphyxiation, his brain supplied unhelpfully. The Alpha hadn’t done this to himself, though. Forcing his eyes away from the body, he tracked the labored breathing until a pair of boots stepped into his line of sight. Slender, jean clad legs folded on themselves and he was looking into the pale blue eyes of Margot.

He’d met the young woman a handful of times. She’d often come down to check on them, make sure they were alright. It was hard for him to wrap his mind around the idea that this woman was Mason’s twin sister. She was everything her brother wasn’t; an Omega, she was doe eyed with a round face, her dark hair always pulled back away from her face. She wore light makeup that accentuated her eyes and the shape of her lips, but her lipstick was always chewed off in the middle. She was kind, eyes sad in a way that made Will suspect she didn’t quite agree with her brother. She studied his face in silence, gnawing at her bottom lip. “I’m sorry,” she said, voice soft. “He said he would help me have a child, then he took away my chance. That’s why he took you. The others weren’t right. But I found someone. I found someone freely willing to carry my child. But I need your help collecting my brother’s seed.”

She undid Will's bonds, not once sparing a glance at the brother she'd just killed. She helped him sit up, lowered him to the ground when his legs refused to hold him. His ass twinged in pain as he put pressure on it, and Margot helped him shift to his knees. She pulled a plastic container from her pocket, the kind labs used for urine testing. "I need you to help me milk him. I can't do it myself. I can't… touch him. Not after everything he's done." Will nodded, crawling slowly toward the dead Alpha. The still hard cock was shiny and wet, and Will had to force down the nausea as he wrapped a hand around it, squeezing it like you would a cow or goat. Cum dribbled out slowly at first, then in squirts, spattering quietly into the container Margot held ready against the tip. When it was nearly full and the cock had grown flaccid in his hand, he pulled back, wiping his hand clean on the carpet and turning back to the female Omega.

"Why are you doing this?" he asked. "Why did you kill him if he promised to give you a baby?" Margot tucked the container into her pocket, then pulled the hem of her blouse free and yanks it up, exposing her black lace bra and pale stomach. Faded bruises littered her sides and chest, and a puckered surgical scar that couldn't have been more than a few months old ran down from her navel to disappear under the waistband of her jeans. It reminded Will of a C-section scar. "When I found out what he was doing to these Omegas, I tried to leave. He ran my car off the road, and while I was unconscious he removed my ovaries, my womb. he rendered me infertile. That's why I killed him, and that's why I need his sperm. He's going to give me a baby."

Will studied the bruise pattern, the fresh pink of new scar tissue. Then he met her pale blue eyes and found no remorse. Strangely, he couldn't find any for the Alpha's death either. Spent cum had created a puddle beneath him, sticking the shag carpet to his skin. "What's going to happen to the others?" he asked. Margot smiled. "I'll take care of them. It's a big house, they'll get their own rooms. Sasha and I will make sure they adjust well, and Mason has enough money to keep everyone comfortable for a long time." She stood, holding out a hand. "Can you stand? We should get you out of here. You don't belong here." The Empath nodded, accepting the hand and rising on shaky legs, bracing himself on the bench until he could put enough weight on them to walk. While he rested, Margot grabbed a folded stack of clothes from a nearby cart. "Here, they're Mason's, but they'll do for now. You've been through enough already, no need to take you back to civilization looking the way you do."

He accepted the clothes gratefully. Flannel pajama pants and an old t-shirt, probably from some donation pile in the back of the male Alpha's closet. The shirt swamped his gaunt frame and he had to cinch the ties on the pants, but they were clothes. The most comfortable thing he'd felt in a long time. Margot led him down a long hall filled with empty cells; at least ten, Will noted in disgust, before leading him up a flight of concrete steps. They stepped out into the blinding sun, the cool air a blessing on his heated skin. He squinted against the glare, taking in his surroundings even as Margot led him down a paved path toward a parking lot. It appeared to be some kind of farm, the smell of turned soil, hay, and manure floating on the breeze. There was a pen off in the distance, the snuffle-snorts and grunts identifying its occupants as pigs. A ball of slimy ice landed in the pit of his stomach as an idea popped into his head. "Margot," he called, eyes not leaving the pigpen. A pig can consume an uncooked, adult, human corpse in under six hours. "Margot, what happened to the babies? What happened to all the babies your brother took from the captive Omegas?"

He'd had a case back with LPD about a missing child on a field trip to a pig farm. Turned out to be an accident, the kid had been stupid, wandered away from the teacher and climbed into one of the pens. He'd fallen, hit his head. They'd found pieces of him scattered in the mud, bits of bone in the pig shit. Margot turned, following his line of sight, eyes wide as she got what he was thinking. "Oh, God, no. Don't worry, he didn't feed them to the pigs. He's a sadist, but he's not a murderer. He took them to Safe Havens; chapels, hospitals, police and fire stations. The kids all found good homes, don't worry." Will nodded, the knot in his chest easing up as he followed her to an old model grey camaro. Next to it was a shiny black Jag. Will recognized it. He'd seen it in the streets the last few weeks before he was abducted. It had pulled up next to him on his way to work that morning, revving its engine before gunning it and cutting him off when the light turned green. He hadn't even thought twice.

They drove in silence, some pop song playing quietly on the radio. The farm was set way back away from civilization, so Will spent the time it took for them to get back to the city staring out the window, eyes unfocused and arms wrapped around his abdomen protectively. The seat of the borrowed pajama bottoms was already damp and clinging to him. He wished Margot had grabbed him some underwear too, but the idea made his skin crawl even as it crossed his mind. He didn't want any part of that man touching him, not after what he'd done. All he wanted to do was take a hot shower, scrub every trace of that man from his skin, but he knew he needed to go to a hospital and get checked out, knew that's where Margot was taking him. The Alpha's last words played over in his head. I bet they'll look like you… I bet it's twins… the words, the way he'd seemed so pleased, mounted Will so enthusiastically…

Will gasped, eyes dropping to his flat stomach. "Oh God…" he choked, panic squeezing his lungs. "I'm pregnant…" the word left his tongue in a whisper. Margot glanced over at him, eyes sympathetic. "He got the tests this morning, I found them when I got home. It looks like it may have happened when he put you in that chemically induced Heat. I'm so sorry, Agent Graham." Will spent the rest of the drive numb, staring down at his traitorous body. Logically he knew it wasn't his fault, knew that his body hadn't betrayed him on purpose. But that didn't stop the thoughts from flying through his brain like a whirlwind. He didn't even notice when Margot slowed the car, pulling into an empty lot behind a shopping center. "The hospital is just two blocks that way," she pointed, offering the Empath an empty smile. "You'll forgive me if I don't take you there myself, but the last thing I need is the questions and authorities out at the farm. By now Sasha and Andre will have taken my brother's body to the pen, they'll make sure there's no trace. But you must understand that if I take you directly to the hospital, they'll recognize me, they'll come to the farm. I can protect those Omegas, but I need time to clean up his mess."

"What about their families?" Will asked. "Don't they have parents out there looking for them?" Margot shook her head. "No, they were all system kids. Fosters, runaways. That's what made them easy to grab. Please, Agent Graham. Please leave my farm out of this." Will searched her eyes for a long time. He knew why Mason grabbed him, he looked like Margot. Dark hair, pale blue eyes. Dominant genes. Finally he nodded. "Alright. I'll leave you out of it. But you better promise me that those kids are going to be alright. Them and their pups." Margot nodded, lips curling in a wet smile. "I promise, Agent Graham. Now go."

Will clambered out of the car, pants sticking to his ass uncomfortably, seed running down his thigh. He watched as Margot casually pulled back out into the street and disappeared, a

nondescript car in a sea of strangers. Turning, he started off in the direction of the hospital.

Somebody Please Help Me

He used to think two blocks was nothing. Hell, he'd regularly travel miles when having sleepwalking episodes. That had been a lifetime ago. That had been before he'd spent an undetermined amount of time strapped to a bench having his hips crushed and his asshole abused repeatedly. By the time he limped into the lobby of the hospital, he was sweating, hands scraped up from every time his leg gave out and sent him sprawling on the pavement. His clothes stuck to him uncomfortably, the seat and backs of his thighs drenched in the cum that had steadily been leaking from his body. He knew he must look a mess, bruises under his eyes and curls hanging limp around his ears, wrists raw from the bonds. His ears still rang with catcalls and wolf whistles from Alphas in the streets. *Sick fucks,* he thought. Before he'd been taken, Alphas never looked at him twice.

The bustle in the lobby seemed to freeze as he stumbled in. "My name is Special Agent Will Graham," he said. "I've been reported missing by the FBI. You need to call Jack Crawford." Nurses rushed forward as he stumbled, leg trying to go out on him. They caught him beneath his arms, guiding him back onto a gurney. "I need to see a doctor," he slurred, world starting to go fuzzy around him. "I need an abortion, please…" the nurses guided him back as the world spun away from him.

He woke to the sound of beeping, laying on a surface that was *heaven* compared to being bent double over a bench. He shifted, feeling the crinkle of paper fabric between his legs. *Disposable underwear.* He blinked open his eyes. The hospital room was dimmed, a fact of which he was grateful for. After so long in that cell, the sun had been giving him a migraine. He lifted his hands, feeling the tug of an IV in his arm, his chafed wrists bandaged. He felt mildly cleaner, so they must have bathed him after examining him. There was a squeak of rubber soles on linoleum and then the curtain around his bed was being pushed to the side, rings screeching in their slides, and a white haired Alpha with a kind face and a clipboard stepped up to the foot of the bed. "Welcome back, Agent Graham. How are you feeling?"

Will sat up against the pillows. "Sore," he croaked. The doctor chuckled. "Yes, I would expect you are. I must say, Mister Graham, you've been through something. Extensive damage to the sphincter and rectal muscles, bruising in the hips, wrists, and ankles, strained trapezius, Iliopsoas and rectus abdominis muscles, strained inguinal ligament… not to mention minor scarring to your prostate gland. You also appear to be malnourished, though blood tests showed elevated levels of iron and folic acid…" he lowered the clipboard and met Will's gaze. "Mister Graham, do you know how long you've been missing for?" Will shook

his head. Could have been a matter of days, could have been months. There was no way to tell. The doctor gave him a sympathetic look. “Two weeks, Mister Graham. It’s been all over the news. Now Mister Graham, the staff tell me that when you came in you were asking for an abortion. Blood tests showed elevated levels of hormones commonly known as the ‘pregnancy hormones’. I expect you knew that when you arrived. Blood tests also told us that you are an Omega, Mister Graham. As you well know, performing abortions on Omegas is illegal.”

Will felt his heart stutter. “Doctor, with all due respect, you and I both know that law is bullshit. I was raped, doctor. I was kept in a cell for two weeks and raped repeatedly. I will not bring any child with the DNA of that *monster* into the world! *Please,* doctor. I am asking you as a patient, as a government employee, and as a *victim,* please abort this clump of cells growing inside me.” The doctor sighed, perched himself on the edge of the bed, and gave the Empath one of those condescending looks a parent might give a petulant child. “Mister Graham, when the nurses were undressing you for examination, they measured at least a quart of sperm soaked into your clothing. That coupled with the damage does not make me doubt that you’ve been having intercourse. But how am I to know you hadn’t just gone into Heat? An attractive Omega such as yourself, you likely have Alphas fawning after you everywhere you go. How do I know you didn’t suddenly find yourself in Heat, go to bed with the first Alpha that caught your eye, and as soon as your Heat was finished, you claim it was rape.”

Will was numb with shock. The longer the doctor talked, the more he seemed to shift before Will’s eyes. He’d come in looking kind, like someone’s grandfather. Now he looked like a monster. Like every Alpha in the government, advocating for Omega Submission. *Omegas cannot live without the firm hand of an Alpha,* they’d say. *Omegas must submit and be bonded. Their only job must be to keep the population stable. Therefore we move to criminalize abortions, contraceptives and suppressants will require blood testing to ensure no Omega may purchase them.* The doctor reached out a hand and patted Will’s ankle. The action made his skin crawl, made him want to pull away, to lash out. “You’re a handsome Omega, Mister Graham. Most your age are bonded, starting families of their own. Yet there you were, walking about without a care in the world. I’m sure it was just a matter of time before you caught the eye of some Alpha. The proper thing for you to have done would have been to settle down, not flaunt yourself in the streets.”

He picked up the clipboard again, jotting a note in the empty space of a page. “We want to keep you a couple days, make sure your injuries are healing without any surprises and check on the health of your pup. I want to refer you to someone when you’re discharged. He’s a psychologist specializing in Omegas. I’m going to recommend you see him once a week to start, he can adjust your appointments from there. I believe he can help with your… situation.” *Translation, he’s going to teach me to be a “proper little Omega” who submits to their Alpha and keeps their legs crossed and doesn’t think to ask for abortions.* Will’s blood

was boiling. He wanted to smash in that placating little smile. His breaths shortened, his skin felt too tight. Sharp pain shot up his arms and he realized his nails were biting into his skin, red crescents in sharp relief against his pale flesh.

The smile fell from the doctor's face and he dropped the clipboard, leaning forward and pressing a hand into Will's shoulder. The Empath jolted like he'd been electrocuted, pulling away. It was a hand between his shoulders, forcing the breath from his lungs as his hole was taken over, and over, and over, and over. Even now that he was empty, his stomach was still swollen. Two weeks, two weeks of sperm turning his insides into some kind of roach-coach motel. Two weeks of that monster determinedly thrusting into him, only goal to get Will pregnant. *Well he got his fucking wish,* Will thought, tremors racking his body as he wrapped his arms around his middle, squeezing hard like he could squeeze that monster's cluster of cells out of his body. "Mister Graham? Mister Graham I need you to breathe for me. Mister Graham, can you hear me?" Everything was buzzing. He could feel the large, rough hands on his body, pinning him, filling him, using him. He struggled against them, mantra of *no no no no not again no NO* racing across his mind like roaches from the light.

Distantly he processed the blur of scrubs as nurses rushed in, some trying to hold him down while another readied a needle. He struggled, clearly catching them off guard in the strength behind his unassuming physique. They forget, he'd spent over half his life playing the part of Alpha. He was no normal Omega who dropped in submission at the first growl of an Alpha. He stood tall and growled back. He freed and arm, heaving upward only to be caught across his chest and forced back down. His muscles screamed at him and he cried out in pain. One arm was pinned down and a second later his body was flooded with lead, weighing him down and taking with it all the fight, all the strength. His heaving chest slowed, his eyelids grew heavy, and the darkness took him.

The next time he woke, his wrists were in restraints and someone was brushing the curls away from his forehead. The beeping was gone, and he blinked his eyes open to see Alana sitting by his bed, dark hair pulled back in a ponytail and eyes tired. She was dressed casually in jeans and a sweater, idly brushing her fingers through Will's hair as she read over his charts. "Sorry about our lunch dates," he croaked, smirking as he watched the woman jump in the uncomfortable plastic chair, dark eyes darting to land on Will's face. "Oh thank God," she breathed, launching to her feet and throwing her arms around him. "Forgive me for not hugging back, but I appear to me a little tied up," he joked weakly, earning himself a punch to the shoulder. "Hey! Pregnant and injured here! I should press charges." Alana pulled back, eyes damp, and he felt like an ass for the jest. "Not funny, Will. God, two weeks, you come back barely able to walk, and you think the best thing to do first is attack the nurses?"

Will shifted into a slightly more upright position. "I'm sorry. Just trying to make light of the situation and all." Alana stared at him for a long minute before sighing and sitting on the

edge of the bed. “I’m sorry, I know. You and your quirky coping mechanisms. It’s just… been a long two weeks.” The two were silent for a long time, just enjoying the other’s presence. “Do you think this would have happened if we’d stayed together?” he finally asked. Alana didn’t answer right away, didn’t need to ask what Will was talking about. They’d met in college, they’d tried dating. After three years, they decided they were just better friends. “I don’t know. I think we made the decision that was best for us, this was just an unforeseen development.” She glanced at his blanket covered stomach, deceptively flat for now. “What are you going to do?” Will shrugged, giving the restraints an experimental tug. “I guess I’ll figure that out in the next nine months. Be a good little law abiding Omega and carry the pup of a serial rapist. Once it’s born I’ll probably give it up for adoption.”

Alana nodded, digging around in one of her pockets and coming out with a crumpled slip of paper. “I guess this prescription for suppressants was a total waste.” Will couldn’t help it. He burst out laughing, body shaking and muscles protesting angrily but he couldn’t seem to stop. Alana stared at him like he was crazy before a small chuckle escaped her. Soon the two of them were laughing like nutjobs, the sound ringing through the room. After some time, the laughs died and the two of them were left gasping for breath. “And you said *I* was bad at jokes,” Will said, face sore but the first real smile in two weeks spread across his face like clown makeup. Alana shook her head, shoulders still trembling slightly. “So, when they letting you out of this joint?” she asked, meeting Will’s eyes again. Will shrugged. “Before I ‘attacked the nurses’, the doctor told me a couple days. Now I have no idea. Maybe they’ll have me committed.”

“Will, they’re not going to do that. You know as well as I that this is just a bunch of holier than thou Alphas trying to control what happens to the ‘weaker sex’. I’m sure they’re just going to keep you for a few days for observation, make sure you and the pup are going to be alright.” Will cocked an eyebrow. “Alana, they assigned me to a *shrink* . I walked half conscious into a hospital abused and begging for an abortion, and they tell me I should have kept my legs crossed and been bonded and assigned me to some headshrinker who specializes in ‘cases like mine.’” Alana nodded. “Yeah, I know. I read the note. Doctor Lecter is a great psychologist. He was my mentor during my internship. He really knows what he’s talking about. You’ll be in good hands.” Will huffed, rolling his head to stare at the curtain, feeling the bed shift under Alana’s weight as she leaned closer. “Whatever your thinking, Will, you’re wrong. Get some rest, I’ll be back tomorrow. It’s good to have you back, Will.” She left him with a peck to the cheek, oblivious to the hollow feeling that was growing in her friend’s chest.

Returning to Normalcy

Will was kept in the hospital for a week. The restraints were removed on the second day, the team came by to see him on the third. Bev gave him a hug that made his ribs ache, and Jack just gave him a look that promised a long talk in Will's future. On the fourth day, Will had a visitor. A nurse had come by with lunch an hour before, a tuna sandwich on dry whole wheat that Will had only picked at, limp carrot sticks he hadn't touched, and lime jello that he upended on his plate and jabbed at absentmindedly with a straw. The Price is Right was on the grainy little TV but Will wasn't really paying attention. Alana had brought him his students' term papers to keep him from giving into boredom. He didn't actually realize he had a visitor until he caught movement out of the corner and nearly jumped out of his skin. "My apologies," the man said, quirk of his lips betraying an amused smile.

He was tall, relatively handsome with defined features and hair the color of gunmetal slicked back against his head. He wore a nice, dark blue three piece suit that set off the olive tone of his skin, hands casually tucked into his pockets. "Who are you?" Will asked, setting the papers down on his rollaway. He realized belatedly that the comment sounded rude. "You're a little too nicely dressed to be one of the doctors here. The man smiled, eyes dropping for a brief moment before he stepped forward and offered Will one large, slightly calloused hand in greeting. "Perceptive, Agent Graham. I am Doctor Hannibal Lecter, I'm sure Doctor Staffson and Doctor Bloom mentioned me in passing." *Thick accent,* Will noted as he took the hand. *Likely European.* The hand was surprisingly warm, gripping firmly but not overpowering, letting Will take control of it. "So you're the headshrinker I've been referred to," Will said, studying the doctor's face for any signs of deception. Something sparked in the older man's deep maroon eyes and he smiled. "If that is what you feel most comfortable calling me, then yes, I guess I am."

The two held each other's gaze for a long moment before Will motioned to the empty visitor's chair. "Please, have a seat." He waited until the psychologist sat, one leg crossed over the other, hands clasped loosely in his lap. The perfect picture of ease. "What brings you to my humble hospital room today, Doctor Lecter?" The other man smiled, eyes staring right into Will in a way that should have made him squirm uncomfortably, but it didn't. Will avoided eye contact on a principle, but for some reason he found him studying the older man's face, his eyes. They were like the swamps he grew up in. Go too deep, you could get lost before you even realized it. "I always feel it's good to get a baseline on my patients before they ever step foot in my office. Especially in circumstances such as yours." Will knew he failed at hiding his reaction to that implication, and he knew the man caught it, but he didn't try to backpedal, didn't try to correct himself or explain it. Instead he studied Will's face, head cocked slightly. "Please make no mistake, Agent Graham," he said, voice a low rumble. "I am in no way judging you. It is in my experience that offices tend to make people uncomfortable. Making first introductions outside of such a place lets them feel they can

relax and open up. It is more natural, less… clinical. You can understand that, can't you, Agent Graham?"

He was baiting him. Will's brow furrowed slightly. Why was he baiting him? Dr. Lecter's lips curled up in the corners. He knew Will knew. "I believe we will get along just fine, Agent Graham. I'll pencil you in for Wednesday, six o'clock. You're usually finished with your lectures by then, yes? My office is in upside. Come by when you leave, I'll make something for dinner." He rose fluidly, pulling a business card from his pocket and handing it to the Empath. "Please, feel free to call me any time. I find my work keeps me awake at odd hours." With another smile and a nod, the man was leaving, shoes making no sound on the linoleum. Will stared after him long after he'd disappeared from view before dropping his gaze to the business card. *Dr. Hannibal Lecter, PhD.* There was a phone number, fax number, email, and an address. All the components one would find on a standard business card. Flipping it over, he found another number scrawled in a looping font. *Personal number.* He settled back against his pillows, card pressed to his lips in thought. The faint scent of Alpha clung to the thick paper, mixing with something darker, spicier.

Will's thoughts were clicking like loose gears when they caught on something. Something that made Will sit up and stare at the vacated chair. The man was Alpha, now that he was focusing he could smell it in the room, on the card, even on his hand from when they'd shook. This man was Alpha, but Will hadn't even twitched. Every other Alpha who'd come into his room, be it nurse, doctor, or coworker with the single acception of Alana had made him flinch to some degree, setting his nerves on edge and rolling his stomach. But not Doctor Lecter. Will had been completely at ease. What was it about this man that he let him get close, let him shake his hand and get into his personal space without sending Will's senses twitching? He'd been uneasy around every Alpha since he'd been freed from the Farm, yet here was the embodiment of True Alpha actually sneaking up on him and *bantering* with him, all without setting him off. *What is it about this Dr. Lecter?*

It was a question he was still asking himself hours later as he fell asleep. *What was it about him…?*

The day he was allowed to go home, Alana came to pick him up bearing coffee and clean clothes. The doctors were satisfied that Will was recovering and the pup he was carrying was healthy and developing properly. They determined he was roughly three weeks along, confirming what Will had already suspected. It had most likely happened that very first day, maybe even that very first time… he was told what to expect within the first few months; changes in eating habits, moodswings, maybe morning sickness. He only half listened, more occupied with buttoning his shirt and shoving his graded papers into his bag to really care.

He'd worked with his fair share of pregnant Omegas. He knew what was coming his way whether he liked it or not.

He went down under a pile of fur and slobbery tongues the moment he and Alana walked through the door. "I've been coming by to feed them," she said, patting Georgie on the head as Winston did his best to remove Will's face with his tongue. "They've missed you, though. It's like they could tell something was wrong." Will sat up, grunting as the hefty weight of the golden retriever flopped onto his lap. "Thanks, Alana. For everything. I mean it." The dark haired Chimera smiled and planted a kiss to the side of Will's head, the only place on his upper body at the moment that was *not* covered in dog spit. "I also did you the favor of stocking your fridge. One cannot live off fish and canned foods alone, William. I also picked up some vitamins. Make sure you take them, alright? I've gotta run but I'll see you later, alright?" Pushing herself to her feet, she waded through the sea of wagging tails on her way to the door. "Oh!" she called, halfway out with a foot blocked to keep Lucky inside. "I picked up your suit from the dry cleaners for you. It's hanging up in your hall closet."

His first day out of the hospital he spent out in his creek, not really casting to catch anything, just for the familiarity. *This is it,* he thought, listening as his dogs chased squirrels and splashed in the shallows. *This is what kept me going…* this was the place he disappeared to when he had to escape his reality. He spent the day out there, had packed a lunch and a bag of dog food that morning. He didn't go back to his house till well after dark, till he was too tired to dream. They'd happened occasionally at the hospital, when he actually managed to sleep deep enough to dream. It was hard to do with the constant noise; rubber soled shoes screeching for friction on the linoleum, squeaking wheels of gurneys, code alerts and phones ringing. He missed Wolf Trap, the stillness of his little house, the creak of trees outside his window and the deep breathing of his pack surrounding him in a cocoon.

The next day he went back to work. He lectured, handed back the papers and readied them for the next. His students didn't ask where he'd been, didn't ask what happened. His disappearance had been all over the news, but his… *condition* had been kept out of it. As far as the world knew, he'd been kidnapped and tortured for two weeks before managing to escape. There was a hunt out for the killer, but Will had told them he didn't remember anything. It had been an Alpha, and he'd been blindfolded the entire time. Not like it mattered. All traces of the Alpha were gone. He'd gotten a note the day he was released from the hospital. Only two words, typed. "It's Done." it was pinned to his shirt when Alana brought him his clothes. She had no idea where it had come from, what it meant. She suggested taking it into the lab, but Will told her there was no need. The sender was careful, they weren't going to get anything from it.

Alana brought him lunch, sandwiches from the cafe. "Making up for you missing our date," she joked, pushing his papers and files to the side and setting out sandwiches and chips and a

couple bottles of water. She also pulled out an apple, throwing it at the Empath. “Apple a day!” She plopped herself down in his desk chair, giving it a test spin before unwrapping her turkey avocado on rye and taking a bite, mashed green smearing across her cheek as her eyelids fluttered shut. She groaned around the bite like she was making love to it rather than eating it. Will smirked, picking up his own buffalo chicken melt and biting into it. “Sandwich slut,” he murmured around the bite, causing Alana to snort her swig of water and choke.

“You ass,” she croaked when she finally finished coughing, throwing a piece of cucumber in his general direction. Will managed to finish his bite before collapsing back into the folding chair, laughing so hard his chest had started to ache. When he finally calmed down, Alana was watching him with a smile and Jack was standing in his doorway, arms crossed over his broad chest. “Looks like Principal Crawford wants to see you,” the psychologist said, starting to clean up the remains of their lunches. Will nodded to his boss, standing and wrapping up the last of his sandwich for later. He followed the imposing black man to his office in silence.

He motioned Will in and closed the door behind him. “Have a seat, Will.”

Will sat, feeling like a kid sent to the principal’s office for mouthing off in class. Jack walked slowly around the desk, easing himself into his desk chair and steepling his fingers. The two just watched each other for a long time, Will focused on the Alpha’s left shoulder, hair on the back of his neck standing on end, and Jack staring at Will head on, brow furrowed and lips turned into a frown. “How are you feeling, Will?” he finally asked, noting how the Empath flinched just slightly before hiding it with a roll of his shoulders. Will’s eyes flickered to the Special Agent’s right ear. “Fine. Ass is still a bit sore. How’s Bella?” Jack’s face was stone as he nodded. “She’s good. Treatments are going well, the doctors all says she’s responding wonderfully. But we aren’t talking about Bella right now. We’re talking about *you.* Why didn’t you *tell* me?”

Will slumped back into the chair. *Here it is, the moment we’ve all been waiting for.* Jack had lowered his hands to the desk and was fiddling with a pen, no longer staring at Will. “Why didn’t you tell me you were an Omega?” His voice was unreadable, but Will got plenty from the way he was glaring at his desk. “Did it impact my work in any way?” the younger man asked, focus on Jack’s nose. The Agent looked up. “What?”

“I asked if it impacted my work in any way.”

Jack shook his head. “No, of course not. You and I both know your work is always exemplary. We wouldn’t have closed half our cases without your help.” Will nodded. “Then why does it matter that I never shared the fact I’m an Omega.” He knew he had Jack there.

The older man opened his mouth, closed it, opened it again. “It’s the principle of the thing, Will. What if you needed leave for your Heat, or you Bonded and your Alpha didn’t want you doing this work, what if you got---” he cut himself off, and Will fought back a snort. “What if I what, Jack? What if I got pregnant? What if I decided to start a family?” The Alpha seemed to deflate where he sat. “You know that’s not what I meant, Will.” Will shook his head. “No, Jack. That’s *exactly* what you meant. And if we’re being honest with one another, I’m insulted that you think I would *ever* get with an Alpha who stopped me from doing my work. That you think I’d be *that submissive.* You’ve known me for a long time, Jack. I’d think you’d know better.”

Jack sighed and looked back at Will’s face. “I’m sorry, Will. I’m sorry for the implications, and I’m sorry we can’t seem to catch the guy who did this to you. If you ever need to, you know, talk, you know you can reach out to me.” Will nodded, staring at the photo of Jack and Bella on their last anniversary that Jack kept behind his desk. “What my Subgender is is unimportant, Jack. Always has been. I have been living as an Alpha since high school. This new… situation… changes nothing. I will continue to do my job to the best of my ability. Don’t treat me any different than you’ve ever treated me.” Jack nodded, offering the Empath a chastised grin before standing and motioning for the door. “Alright, Will. Consider me set straight. I’ll let you get back to your planning, I’ll call you if I need you.” Will stood and let himself be led out the door. “Thanks, Jack. Give Bella my hello.”

Will spent most of Wednesday in lectures. When he wasn’t he was dodging Brian and Jimmy’s attempts at humor; namely Omega and pregnancy jokes, or hanging out with Bev. The lab tech was a little obsessed with the idea that Will was having a baby, and spent the better part of an hour talking about baby names. He didn’t see Jack, but he didn’t get the feeling the Alpha was avoiding him, so he didn’t think too much about it. While he was wrapping up his last lecture of the day, his phone buzzed with a text. When he got the chance to check it, he was a little surprised to see it was from Dr. Lecter; a reminder of his appointment. *Alana probably gave him my number,* he figured after a moment of confusion. Tucking the device into his pocket, he packed up his bag and headed out.

Doctor Hannibal Lecter

The first two appointments were spent in silence, each man in a chair opposite the other, neither saying a word. The first day Dr. Lecter greeted him at the door and showed him into a spacious but somehow still comfortable office. Two perpendicular walls were dominated by a bookshelf, lined top to bottom with what he could only assume were medical and psychology tomes. Drawings of skylines and sketched reproductions of famous paintings and sculptures hung framed on the walls, and an aged bronze statue of a majestic stag stood proudly on a pedestal near the door. A large oak desk sat cattywampus to the bookshelves, but a settee, two overstuffed chairs, and a small side table sat near the floor to ceiling windows, filling the room with the warm, dying rays of natural light.

Dr. Lecter offered him a seat before taking the opposite, one leg crossed on top of the other as he studied Will for a long moment. He asked a few standard questions, ones Will had heard a thousand times before from the FBI and PD appointed psychologists he was always forced to see after a case went particularly sideways. After the baselines, though, Dr. Lecter asked him if there was anything *he* wanted to talk about. When Will shook his head, still wary and trying to figure this imposing yet somehow calm-inducing Alpha out, the doctor only smiled. Apparently content to sit the hour in silence.

The second week started much the same way, greeting, seat, and the standard "How are you feeling," the usual. Pleasantries finished, the doctor asked if Will was ready to talk. The Empath just shook his head, still trying to get a read on the Alpha across from him. There was something about him that had Will both completely fascinated, and completely baffled. Alphas still made Will slightly nervous, though he'd stopped jumping every time one so much as stepped into his personal space, but for some reason this Dr. Lecter had never made Will twitchy. He was everything an Alpha was stereotyped to be: tall, handsome, imposing, authoritative, yet he didn't come across as the same as other Alphas. *Maybe it's the accent,* he thought. *Maybe European Alphas are just different than American Alphas.* The doctor smirked, and Will could swear the man had the ability to read minds.

Occasionally the doctor would jot a note or two down in a journal, but ultimately he seemed perfectly content to sit and wait until Will was ready to talk. On the third week, Will decided it was time. "It's still hard to wrap my head around, sometimes. It's like it wasn't real, just some awful dream, like something I get after a particularly brutal case. And then I remember that I have this cluster of cells growing inside me like a tumor, a tumor that was caused by *him.* A tumor that I can't have removed because the government has decided what rights I have to *my own body.* " They'd been silent for nearly a third of the appointment, but the doctor didn't appear surprised when Will spoke. Instead he just put down his pen, folded his hands, and listened. "I had that… that *monster's* DNA inside of me for two weeks straight--

sometimes I can swear I sit down or bend over to pick up something and it's *still there.* Now I have to carry it around for ten months. I have to carry around the reminder of what he did to me…"

Will's voice sounded dead in his ears, hollow. Like the way Sasha's did when she spoke of Mason's visits, of the children she'd lost to him. Acid burned at his eyes and throat as he stared down at the carpet, still perfect with even vacuum lines. *He must have an OCD custodian…* "He's dead, I know he's dead. His sister killed him while he was fucking me. I know he won't do that to anyone else… he isn't even a monster. I've met monsters, I've *become* monsters in order to catch them. This was more than a monster. This was a… God, this was a *Demon* in an Alpha's skin. This was a creature who took pleasure in having me repeatedly. He said he'd fill me so much I'd taste it, and sometimes I swear I still can. God, I can't even touch myself in the fucking *shower* when I bathe without still feeling his hands on me, holding me down as he took me over and over and over…" Will trailed off, body turning cold. "I'm an agent with the FBI. I profile serial killers and teach students how to find more for a living. And yet, in the span of a day he reduced me to nothing more than a *farm animal* . A baby-maker and nothing more. He told me he was going to keep pumping me full of his pups. I saw first hand *exactly* what he meant. Now I'm trying to put my life back together again, but every time I look in the mirror, everytime I close my eyes, I'm back there…"

The doctor was silent for a long moment before he jot something down in his notebook and looked right through Will. "You're missing the point, Mister Graham," he said, voice even. Will felt fury bubble up inside his chest. *The point? I was raped, what other possible* point *could there be?!* "Oh yeah?" he questioned, tone dripping venom. "And what's that, *Doctor* Lecter?" The man didn't even bat an eye at the mockery to his title. Instead he set both feet on the floor and propped his elbows on his knees. "You survived, William," he said, voice soft and surprisingly kind. "The man who kidnapped you was a sexual sadist with biastophilia and an cum inflation fetish who intended to use you, and then likely dispose of you when you became no longer any use to him. You made it out of there alive. No matter what other Alphas told you, or assumed about you, you did what you had to out of survival. Do not let anyone tell you different." Will stared into those ernest maroon eyes and felt his anger deflate inside him. He slumped back in his chair, suddenly exhausted and drained. Like the Alpha across from him had somehow managed to suck all the poison that had been septicizing inside of him from his body.

The doctor stood and offered a hand. "Come, our appointment is over and you look like you're starving. I have leftovers from my lunch, I will reheat it for you." Will was stunned into silence for a moment before he could make his mouth move. "No, no thank you. You don't have to do that, really. I have food at my cabin." Dr. Lecter cocked an eyebrow, hand still extended to the younger man. "I assure you, Mister Graham, it is no trouble. I abhor leftovers if I can help it, and the lunch I had prepared is coincidentally high in calcium and protein, two things rather crucial for the growth of a fetus." Unable to come up with an

argument, Will stood and followed the doctor out into the hall and down to a small kitchen. While Will took a seat at the cafe style table, Dr. Lecter pulled a tupperware container from the fridge and scraped the contents into an oven safe pan. “I find that radiating my food diminishes the flavor,” he explained. A few minutes later, the kitchenette was filled with the smell of cooked meat and spices, tomato sauce, and cheese. Will’s mouth was watering.

The plate that was set down before him a moment later was heaped with penne noodles smothered in tomato sauce, cheese, and something that looked like homemade sausage. Dr. Lecter sat across from him and offered a fork. “Go ahead. Pasta marinara bake with homemade pork sausage.” Will took a small bite, eyes fluttering shut as he chewed, flavors bursting across his tongue. “Oh my God,” he groaned before remembering where he was, blush heating his cheeks as he looked at the doctor. The Alpha was leaned back in his chair, hands folded and a pleased look on his face. “I am pleased that you like it. I make all of my own meals, I find it helps knowing exactly what one is putting into their body. Healthy body, healthy mind, as the saying goes.” Will nodded, taking another bite of the hot dish. The pasta was the perfect consistency, the tangy marinara a wonderful contrast to the smooth, stringy cheese, and the sausage was unlike any he’d ever bought from the store. *He must get it straight from a butcher,* he thought to himself, swallowing and going back for another bite. *Or maybe even from the farm itself…*

The thought made the half-masticated bite in his mouth turn to ash, and he had to force himself to swallow it. It went down like a stone. Dr. Lecter noticed the change, leaning forward and resting toned forearms on the table. Will set down the fork, realizing he’d already eaten nearly the entire dish. *Hungrier than I thought, I guess…* Unfortunately for him, that hunger was now gone, replaced with a cold feeling of nausea. His mind was back on the farm, the pigs he could see moving between wooden slats, countless empty cells lining the hall to freedom. How many of those cells had held occupants? How many of them would had Margot not ended her brother’s horror? The pasta dish was threatening to make a reappearance when a warm, heavy hand covered his clenched fist, forcing him to relax the tense muscles. He looked up to see the doctor’s passive face watching him. “You were raped, William,” he said, deep voice even, emotionless.

“It was done repeatedly and without adequate recovery time in between. You were held open and confined in a very vulnerable position. That is a violation that is not easily pushed aside and forgotten, no matter how much you wish to move on. But you are also strong, and there is no doubt in my mind that you will recover, and you will be a better agent for it. But first you must allow yourself to come to terms with what happened. To accept that you have been victimized in a truly horrible fashion. I assume you are familiar with the five stages of grief, yes?” He waited for Will to nod before continuing. “Right now you are experiencing denial. I’m sure soon you will shift into anger as you are regularly asked if you are okay, if you are coping or if you want to talk about it. I wish to remind you not to take it out on those close to you. Remember that they can only assume off what they see, and they only want what is best.

They knew nothing for two weeks, and now you are back and you are different than when you left. They are trying to cope as well as you are."

"What about bargaining?" Will asked, throat working around the lump that had taken up residence in it. The doctor smirked. "It will come, give it time. The stages can only be faced one at a time, William. I'm sure bargaining will come as your pregnancy progresses; as will the others. Do not worry about them right now. They are worries for another day. Finish eating, and then I shall walk you out to your car. Next week I want to discuss your captors, if you feel ready and able." Will nodded, picking back up his fork and taking a bite of the lukewarm dish. Even with the disturbance of the memory it was still the best dish he thought he'd ever had. Dr. Lecter's hand remained a steadying weight on his own.

The Bargaining Stage

Will's mandatory month had come and gone, but he still found himself sitting in the psychologist's office every Wednesday, provided a case didn't interfere. He found he was comfortable in the doctor's office, had even taken to coming in after particularly draining cases, texting or calling on nights he found his mind too much. The doctor never seemed to mind, never seemed to sound tired over the phone, even when Will called at three am. He would respond to any call or text immediately, deep accent chasing away the demons in Will's head, talking about nothing until the Empath found himself able to sleep. He had somehow become Will's lifeline in the time he'd known the Alpha. "Doctor Staffson only assigned a weekly appointment for the first month," he'd told Will some time into their sixth appointment. Will hadn't begun experiencing any symptoms yet, had had his first meeting with an obstetrician a couple days prior. Dr. Lecter had asked about that first, and Will had only been a little surprised that he'd remembered. Fewer and fewer things had started surprising him about the enigmatic Alpha.

"I know," he'd said, relaxed back into his usual chair. The doctor had made a note in his journal. "So long as you are content coming in on a weekly basis, I will continue to leave your name on my calendar. But should you wish to move these to once a month--"

"I don't," Will had cut in. That had been the end of conversations that day.

"I want to talk about your captors, about others where you were. You mentioned the Alpha, but I recall you said something about a sister, about others. Care to elaborate?" It had been a relatively easy week; his weekend had been cut short due to a home invasion turned murder, but Will had gotten what he needed and sent Jack on his way without further hassle. "Mason mentioned her a lot, I only saw her a couple times though. I think they were twins or something, but they couldn't have been more different. I never really got any details, most of the conversations were one sided, and usually about what he was going to do to me, use me for." Will's fingers tangled into the hem of his shirt to stop their trembling. In his mind he was hearing the rasp of the Alpha's voice in his ear as he talked about what beautiful pups Will was going to give him.

"This sister, was her name Margot?" Will looked up, startled. "Yeah… how did you…" The doctor had closed his notes, pen trapped between the pages. "Margot Verger, twin sister of Mason Verger; a sadistic, manipulative Alpha willing to go through any lengths to achieve his goals of control." Will was staring at him now. "How do you know this?" The Alpha sighed. "Margot Verger was a patient of mine for quite some time. I was treating her for emotional trauma related to a lifetime's worth of betrayal and manipulation. Am I right in assuming that

it was Margot who killed Mason? Brought you back into town and to the hospital?" Will could only nod, tongue unable to form words.

"I assume she showed you the scar, told you what he'd done to her. Mason Verger was by all clinical definitions a Psychopath. He spent their childhood manipulating every adult and child they came across, and had Margot convinced that she couldn't survive without him by the time they were twelve. Several months ago, Margot discovered what her brother was doing and tried to get away. He caused her to wreck her car, then had doctors on his payroll remove her reproductive organs. When she awoke and found out what she'd done, he told her that now she had no choice but to rely on him for her future child. That would have been about a week before you disappeared. I assumed Mason was dead because you never look over your shoulder. Omegas I have seen who have escaped their captors are twitchy, nervous. They are always looking around corners for fear their abuser will find them again. You do not do that. You shy away from the presence of Alphas purely from the trauma, not because you expect them to be Mason Verger. I assume Margot to be the killer, because I have not seen her since your return. Killing her brother would have been a form of therapeutic release, she would not have felt the need to continue her appointments with me."

Will was a little stunned. What were the odds that his therapist treated the same woman who was blood relative to the man who'd caused the agent to find himself there. "So you haven't seen or heard from her since?" he asked, voice creaky like he hadn't used it in years rather than a few minutes. The doctor smiled. "Now you are asking the correct questions. I've heard from her once, about two weeks ago. She seemed happier. More relaxed. She told me she'd found someone to carry her baby, that Mason had helped, and that he was gone. She thanked me for my help and wished me well. Nothing more." Will nodded, shoulders a little lighter and he didn't know why. It was nothing Margot hadn't told him before releasing him, so why did it feel more liberating coming from the psychologist's mouth? He looked up, found maroon eyes studying him, lips turned up just slightly in the corners. *Are you sure he can't read your mind?*

" *Tell me about your dreams…* " the voice on the phone was low, almost melodic. It was late, the dogs had long since sprawled in varying positions, some twitching as they chased dream rabbits, others still as logs. Will lay on his back, trying desperately not to glance at the red letters that glared at him from his clock. Last he'd checked they'd mockingly proclaimed it to be quarter past two. He hadn't dared look back since. It had been a rape and murder that day; strangely his first since he'd gotten back. The victim was an Omega, a prostitute. She'd been stabbed repeatedly but cause of death had been strangulation. There had been bruising to her inner thighs from where he'd pried her legs apart. He'd knotted her, pulling out before he'd had time to deflate and leaving a bloody and torn mess in his wake. There had also been semen in her hair.

She was trash, strutting the streets and selling herself. She should have been bonded, submitting to her Alpha and carrying his pups instead of spreading her scent all over the streets. So I set her straight. I took her and I knotted her, showed her her place. And then I stabbed her, made sure she'd never forget it. By the end, I was hard again, pulsing at the memory of her heat around me, the power I'd had over her. An Omega in her place. So I used her hair too, the possession she'd been so proud of, the one thing she'd taken better care of better than her body. I jacked myself into her locks, watching the way my seed clung to the strands like pearls. The closest a whore like this will ever come to the finer things. Maybe she'd have had the chance if she hadn't been selling her sex to anyone who happened along. This is my design…

Will had had to excuse himself, ducking into the nearest shop with a public bathroom. Nobody followed, something he was both grateful for and a little angry about. When he'd come back out, the body was in its black bag and Jack was telling him to go home, take the rest of the day. Alana had met him at his door with a container of chicken soup and some fresh baked bread. "Hannibal sent these," she said in response to his questioning look. "He figured you might need it. Don't ask me how, I stopped trying to figure him out back when he was mentoring me." Will took the offerings, transferring the soup into two bowls (secretly pleased to see there was still a serving left for later) and slicing up the bread. It was still warm, the scent of baked yeast filling his nose as he carried them precariously to the table. They'd eaten and talked idly about nothing until Alana had to leave, sun having set long ago. Will had packed away the last of the soup and bread, finished a few flies, and then laid down. But sleep refused to come to him.

"Thank you for the soup," he said, phone pressed between his ear and a spare pillow. He heard the doctor chuckle, a deep rumble that Will could feel in his chest even through the tinny speakers. " *I am glad the offering was well received. I must admit that I had a source, though. Even I am not omniscient. Jack called me when you ran off to the bathroom. As it happened I had the ingredients for a quick chicken soup on hand and a loaf of bread in the oven, so I called Doctor Bloom and asked her to take them when she went. Enough stalling, now. We both know you did not call me up at two in the morning to thank me for a meal. What haunts are keeping you awake, William?* "

Will sighed, knowing he wasn't going to get out of it. "I don't sleep well, never have. Some nights I sleepwalk. I'll find myself miles away with no idea how I got there. Other nights I lay awake unable to shut down my mind. It's only gotten worse since I got back. The nights I manage to sleep deep enough, I'm haunted by nightmares. I see Jakey, the little Black boy I told you about. He was so skinny… in my dreams he's skeletal, but his stomach is swollen and practically splitting open with a litter I know he won't be able to keep. He was just twelve years old, he should have been playing on the monkey bars and skinning his knees on the ball field. Not pregnant with some psycho's pups. I see Sasha in her cell, her dull eyes are

staring out at me from between the bars as he takes her empty body over and over… and I see Natalie crying out as the baby girl she'd been hoping for is ripped from her bloody arms…"

He trailed off, swallowing hard against the bile choking him. The doctor waited patiently on the other end of the line. Will could hear his steady breathing and tried to match his own to it. He knew he needed to get it off his chest before he suffocated under the weight. He cleared his throat. "Sometimes they're there, sometimes they aren't, sometimes they morph into one another through the course of a night, but even when I don't see them, I still see Mason. He's dead, he'd always dead… His eyes are bulging out of their sockets and his tongue is swollen and purple. He's always grinning at me, even as he hovers behind Jakey or takes Sasha, or is ripping Natalie's baby away from her, he's always grinning at *me.* Like he's mocking me. Like he's telling me all of this is somehow my fault." He paused, choking on his own words, on the dead feeling sitting in his chest. " *You know none of that is your fault, William. From what you've told me, he had those children long before he even thought of having you. You need to let that guilt go."*

Will nodded into the phone, even though he knew the doctor couldn't see him. "I know, I know. But I can't. I can't get the thoughts out of my head, I can't unsee what he'd done to them. To *me.* Some nights he comes to me in my dreams. He's hard, he's always hard. He always was back there… it's like he was popping viagra like they were tic tacs. He comes at me and he pins me to the ground, face up so he can look me in the eye, make me watch. He takes me with no prep, not even lube and it *hurts.* It's like I'm being split in two. And he does it over and over, even after his cock is red with my blood and I can't breathe, can't feel anything but the pain. It's a thousand times worse than all the times he took me while I was trapped in that cell. And he just grins at me. His lips are blue, and his tongue is falling out of his mouth and it bounces every time he thrusts into me, like it's wagging. His bulging eyes roll around and I *know* he's enjoying it, he's enjoying what he's doing to me. It's like he's trying to nail me to the floor with his dick alone. And then…"

Will broke off, unsure if he was about to be sick. His stomach was roiling and cramping painfully, and he could swear he could feel the dead Alpha's cock inside of him, cold and damp and decaying. His breaths were leaving him in shallow pants as he curled around himself, pressing his knees to his chest as the sharp pains spiked through him, giving reality to the dream playing across his mind. " *William? Will, you need to breathe. Listen to my voice. Everything is fine, it is only a dream. Breathe for me, can you do that? In… and out… that's it. In… and out…"* Will focused on the soothing, tinny voice coming through the speakers. He pulled a shaking breath in, barely able to hold it before it was jarred loose by another tremor. The next was a little easier, and he continued to listen to the orders as he fought his own body for control. "When he comes…" he croaked, breath ghosting across his lips and dampening the pillow next to him. "When he comes it's like fire, like someone decided to give me a hydrochloric acid enema. It burns through me, and then I'm outside my own body and watching myself be taken…"

Over the speakers, he heard the doctor sigh. *"It is important that you remember that these are all just dreams, William. They are based on truth, unfortunately, but you have to remember that none of it is real. Dead men do not come back to finish their deeds, and the children you dream of are safe. No one will ever harm them again. Just keep reminding yourself of that, and eventually the dreams will lose their potency. A vivid imagination is as much a blessing as it is a curse, especially when it has trauma as fuel."* Will sighed, suddenly completely drained. "I just can't help thinking if there was something I did to draw his attention. Maybe if I knew what it was, if I could go back and change it, this would never have happened. I wouldn't be stuck in this… situation… those children would be safely at home with their families worrying about typical childish things, not about having another baby. What if I'd been paying more attention that day on my way to meet Alana. If I hadn't been so wrapped up in my own head, I'd have seen him before he had time to inject me with whatever it was."

Dr. Lecter was silent for so long that Will was afraid he'd hung up. He strained his ears, listening for the sign of breathing on the other end. He didn't realize he was holding his own until the Alpha spoke again. " *It would appear we have reached the bargaining stage, Mister Graham. Congratulations.* " There was amusement in that tone, and it made Will smile. " *William, you know there is no way to go back and change the events of the past. If there were, I am sure we all have some event we would go back and change."* there was something like regret in those words that had Will curious, but the doctor was continuing before he could make mention of it. " *There is no way of knowing what attracted you to Mason Verger. Perhaps he saw you as an easy target, or maybe a challenge. We cannot know. But what if it had not been you he chose? Maybe a junkie, or another runaway like the children he kept with you. Would Margot Verger still have chosen to kill her brother for another Omega? For all we know, he would still be out there filling his sadistic needs on some poor hapless Omega. The point is, William, that you were chosen, and nothing can change that now."*

Will sighed, loosening the grip he had around his knees. "I know, you're right. I'd rather it be me than a child, but why did I have to get stuck with his pup? An induced heat and one sperm with a sense of direction, and I'm stuck with a psychopath's parasite for the next eight months. I want it out, Doctor Lecter. I don't want the constant reminder every time I take my vitamins in the morning, or I look in the mirror that my body is going to start betraying me soon enough." He gripped at his flat stomach, blunt nails digging into the flesh through the thin material of his shirt. "Doctor Staffson said you were 'uniquely familiar with cases such as mine'. What did he mean by that?" The doctor pondered his for a long moment. Will spent the time studying the way the darkness swireled across his ceiling like a Van Gogh painting. After a time, the Alpha spoke, voice strangely distant. Like he was lost in memories.

"I had a sister, an Omega who was killed quite violently. We were young, a group of Alpha looters broke into our house, killed our parents, and took us captive. They starved us for days, and then when their food ran out, they took my little sister." Will felt his heart squeeze

painfully, like an invisible fist was trying to turn it to pulp. He opened his mouth to say something, only to close it when he realized he had no idea what he'd say. "What ever happened to them?" A low breath disrupted the speakers. " *They died long before you were born, William. After the deaths of my parents and my sister, I went to live with an uncle in France. He and his wife were the ones to teach me to cook. I discovered I had a knack for it. It was a form of therapy, really. I kept studying recipes, experimenting. I even considered culinary school for a while."* The doctor's tone had lightened considerably, and Will felt the vice on his heart ease. His eyes were growing heavier.

"Tell me about your sister," he said, voice growing hoarse. He could hear the smile in the Alpha's voice when the other man spoke again. " *She took after our father, all blonde hair and big blue eyes that would look at you, and you'd want to move heaven and earth to please her. She was bright, determined. Always getting into trouble for one thing or another. And she was stubborn. I never got my own way with her, no matter how hard I tried. Though between you and I, I never tried that hard. I never wanted to. She had a way of putting you in your place even despite her Subgender… you remind me of her, William. Your strength, your determination, the way you do not let the opinions of others interfere with your sense of self."* Will smiled at the words, eyes closed against the dimness of his room. Something warm was blooming in his chest, and he couldn't tell what it was. " *Go to sleep, Will. I shall talk to you again soon."*

The line clicked over as the doctor hung up, and Will let it drop to elsewhere on the bed. His last conscious thought before he let sleep take him for the first time in days was *he called me Will…*

Your New Handler

Will had awoken to his alarm that next morning feeling more rested then he had in ages. He'd eaten breakfast, packed the last of the soup and bread for his lunch, let the dogs out, and drove to work. He lectured until noon when his lunch hour rolled around, but his lunch was interrupted half way through by a stack of photos landing on his desk. "I need your help, Will," Jack told him by way of greeting. Will sighed. *Yet another one of Dr. Lecter's meals gone to waste.* He packed away his food and spread the photos across his desk. The victims were all caucasian, but that was where similarities ended. There were males and females, Alphas and Omegas, blondes and brunettes and redheads. "Their reproductive organs have all been torn out and switched with the opposite Subgender," Jack explained. "We don't know why, and we don't know who. I could really use you on this one, Will."

They arrived at the latest crime scene, an Alpha woman with thick black hair. She'd been dressed like she was going out, short emerald green dress and five inch stilettos. Her makeup was done up, but it had been smeared, whether in the struggle or by the attacker Will wasn't sure yet. Her dress had been hiked up past her navel and her lacy black thong was soaked with blood from the Y-incision that stretched from hip bone to hip bone before disappearing beneath the waistband. Will crouched to better study the laceration. "It's clean. She used a sharp knife, she may have medical training or some field requiring a steady hand. No hesitation marks, but the amount of blood means this woman was still alive…" he stood and turned to the ME. "Was she knocked on the head? The person who did this had to subdue her somehow."

The ME shook her head. "No, I'm thinking she may have been injected with something, there are needle marks at the base of her neck over here." She motioned to several small punctures at the head of her vertebrae. "What kind of needle would have caused this?" the Empath asked, stepping back to take in the body as a whole again. "A tattoo needle." The familiar and unexpected voice cut through the scene like a knife. Startled, Will spun to see Dr. Lecter walking toward them, an officer lifting the tape so he could duck beneath it. He was dressed in a chocolate brown suit and pale purple dress shirt, hands tucked into his trouser pockets and a smile quirking his lips. "My apologies for my tardiness, I was finishing with a patient. But to answer your question, Agent Graham, the cluster of needle marks are reminisce to those of a tattoo needle, more precisely, one used for lining."

Will's tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth. What was the psychologist doing here? How did he know about the case? While he stared, Jack walked forward, hand out in greeting. "Thank you for coming, Doctor Lecter. I really appreciate your help with this matter." The doctor shook the offered hand firmly. "Of course, Jack, it is really no trouble I am finished with patients for the day, and this gives me an excuse to avoid paperwork. So

please, continue. I read the file you sent over, but I wish to know what you think. You as well, Agent Graham." The Alpha was giving Will an out, a way to move on without drawing attention to his shock. Will took it. "She's jealous. These victims all have something she doesn't, and she's taking it away from them as some kind of revenge." Dr. Lecter lifted a brow. "She? You think this killer is a woman?" Will nodded.

"She pulls the victims' underwear back up when she's done. A male killer wouldn't do that, he wouldn't care. But a female killer would want to save them from the indecency." The doctor nodded slowly, eyes moving from the dead corpse to Will. "What of the mutilation? She removes the reproductive organs from one victim and replaces them with those of another, Alpha to Omega and vice versa. Do you think perhaps she herself may be barren? Or perhaps is going through a crisis of identity?" Will shrugged, looking back down at the woman and wondering who's womb she now had. Was it one of the victims already found? Or was it a victim they'd find soon enough… "You're the psychologist," he said, mouth tugging up in one corner. "You tell me." The statement was met by a chuckle concealed behind a cough.

"Psychologist, yes; I can tell you that this woman likely suffers from a dissociative disorder that leads her to believe she needs to switch their reproductive organs, or perhaps she is simply angry. Without sitting down with her and talking with her, however, I cannot form a clear diagnosis." Will nodded, turning back to the woman's body. Forensics was finishing up with photographs and evidence collection and the ME was ready to bag the body and take it back to autopsy, hoping to answer at least some of the question they still had. After a long moment, Will spoke again. "What are you doing here, Doctor Lecter?" One narrow eyebrow lifted slightly. "Agent Crawford asked me in to consult." Will turned and faced the doctor's profile. The older man's face was stoic, but there was something in his eyes; almost like a dare. "Please save the bullshit, Doctor Lecter. We both know that isn't the only reason you're here. What does Jack want?"

He studied the older man's face, looking for any sign, any give in the Alpha's statuesque mask. He got his tell when those maroon eyes betrayed their owner, flickering down toward Will's abdomen before returning to the scene before them like they'd never moved. Will felt anger heat up his insides. "You've got to be fucking kidding me." he growled, earning himself the psychologist's full attention. "He brought you here to be my fucking *handler* , didn't he?" Amusement glinted in red pools. "He worries about you, especially after the last scene. And given your condition and our working relationship, he asked me to keep an eye on you while also offering my expert opinion on your killer."

It makes sense, Will's mind supplied traitorously as he turned his glare to a crack in the ground. It did make sense. Jack had not quite been treating him like he was blown glass since he'd gotten out of the hospital, but it was pretty damn close. He insisted someone always

walk Will out to his car if it was nearing dark when he left for the day, was always checking on Will under the guise that Bella was concerned. Part of Will appreciated knowing the man cared, but the rest of him was annoyed. He just wanted things to go back to the way they were before. Bev, Alana, and Jimmy were so far the only ones who didn't treat him any differently. Brian had taken to double checking himself when he said something that could be considered sexist toward Omegas, but Will chose to see that more as personal growth than having to do with him.

"Whatever grievance that crack in the pavement has done, surely it does not warrant such an ugly look." The voice was deep, soft, breath warm against his ear, and Will felt a shiver two-step down his spine. He spun to see a real grin crossing his therapist's lips rather than one of those secretive, quirking ones. "Sorry," Will breathed, relaxing his face into a less homicidal expression. The doctor was close, well into Will's personal space and filling his nose with the scent of Alpha, but oddly, the Empath found he couldn't really care less. The doctor was radiating heat, and Will was just realizing how cold he'd been. "Can I help you, Doctor Lecter?" he asked, trying to keep his voice even. The grin didn't falter. "I was just wondering if you would join me for dinner tonight. I have a new recipe I wish to try, and I must admit I despise trying new things on my own."

Wil found himself nodding without a second thought.

Congratulations! It's a Baby!

Will sat in the uncomfortable chairs flipping idly through a cooking magazine; one of the only ones that wasn't a fashion, health, or infant decor. He shifted again, legs stretched out in front of him to balance the weight of his growing stomach. He'd broken down and bought new pants a couple weeks back when his jeans officially refused to button without causing him pain, but his preference for shirts on the baggier side had saved him from having to replace those too. He idly rested a hand on the flannel covered bulge. He was supposed to find out the gender this time. Part of him was excited, the curiosity of a scientist and all. The other part of him couldn't have cared less. *What's the point in knowing the gender if you're just going to give it up anyway?* the invasive thought had asked that night while he tried to sleep. *Scientific curiosity,* he'd told it, along with a few choice words before rolling over onto his other side. It had been getting harder and harder to find a comfortable position to sleep in since the bulge had become more prominent.

"Mister Graham?" Will looked up at the nurse with the clipboard. She was wearing scrubs that were covered in cartoon characters. He tossed the magazine to the coffee table and stood, following her down the hall and into an exam room. "Go ahead and have a seat, Mister Graham, the technician will be with you in a moment." Will thanked the nurse and hoisted himself up onto the exam table. The poster directly across from him was one of the few in the room; a diagram showing statistics for eye color and hair color based off parental dominant genes. "You've got some genepool, kid…" he mumbled, rubbing at his stomach. He tried to imagine what the pup inside him would look like. He and Mason both had blue eyes, so most likely the pup would too, but Mason had been blond while Will's curls were ink black. "I hope for your sake you don't come out looking like your creator…"

The thoughts of Mason and what he'd done to Will had stopped feeling like sharp knives jabbing into his gut several months back, now they were more of a dull ache, like old scars or healing bruises. The fetus was the only remaining evidence of what had happened, the remaining bruises having faded within that first month. Will knew the mental trauma would never go away, had seen it all too often in surviving victims of cases; experienced it himself. He was still rubbing at his bulge when the ultrasound technologist walked in carrying a clipboard. "Welcome, Mister Graham. How are we feeling today?" Will smiled at the middle aged woman. She was an Omega, most of them tended to be, maybe mid forties to early fifties. Her jet black hair was pulled into a high ponytail and her olive skin held just the barest lines around her eyes and mouth; deepened by the smile that curved her lips as she set about readying the equipment.

"You can go ahead and unbutton your shirt and lay back, I'm going to lay an apron over your belly so we don't get gel all over you." Will did as he was told, the edges of his shirt tickling

his sides as they fell open, exposing his swollen stomach to the chilly air. “This is going to be a little cold,” the technologist warned before squeezing the aquasonic onto his stomach, spreading it around with the wand. The room was filled with a soft, echoing squish-thub. “That’s your pup’s heartbeat,” she explained, angling the monitor for Will to better see. Everything was black and fuzzy in the weird shape that looked like a flat E-collar, then through the static, vague forms took shape. “There’s the head…” the wand moved and more of the pup came into focus. “There’s a hand, now a foot…” she paused the movement and looked at Will. “Congratulations, Mister Graham. It’s a girl.”

A girl... it was still playing over and over in his head later, after he’d wiped off the goo, rebuttoned his shirt, and climbed into his car with the stills from the ultrasound in his pocket. He had no idea where he was driving to until he found himself on the street to Dr. Lecter’s house. He considered turning around and just going home, texting or calling the doctor later, but found himself continuing straight at the stoplight instead of turning. *What are you doing? You don’t even know if he’s home.* That was true, he had no clue. For all he knew he was about to pull up to an empty house. What was he going to do then? Sit there like a creeper until either the doctor got home or a neighbor called the cops for suspicious loitering? Turn around and go home? By the time the bouncing thoughts were gaining momentum inside his head, Dr. Lecter’s house house was in view, a familiar Bentley in the driveway. Will’s shoulders sagged in relief.

The doctor answered the door on the first knock, surprising Will into leaving his hand suspended for an awkward moment before he dropped it. The Alpha was smiling, wiping his hands on a towel. “William, what a surprise! Please, come in.” Will stepped into the house, the doctor closing the door behind him before leading him down the hallway and into a spacious kitchen. The Empath had been into the doctor’s house a handful of times on dinner invitations and questions about the latest case they were working on, but it never stopped making him feel both awed and like a homeless person at the Met Gala. Several bowls and a cutting board sat dripping in the drying rack and a few tupperware containers were stacked on the counter waiting to be put away. “As it happens, you are just in time for lunch,” the doctor told him, tossing the dishcloth across one shoulder and picking up the containers, exchanging them for some bags of sliced deli meat and condiments.

He motioned for Will to have a seat at the island while he set about preparing sandwiches for the both of them. “So what brings you by, William? You had your appointment with your obstetrician today, yes? How did it go?”

“It went pretty good, I guess. She says the baby’s healthy, developing well.” Will snagged a bit of cheese, earning himself a glare that was almost playful as the older man continued to layer meat, cheese, lettuce, and tomatoes on what looked like more homemade bread. “Was she able to determine what you were having?” Will nodded, fishing the slightly crumpled

sonographs from his pocket and offering them to the doctor. The man wiped his hands clean on the towel before taking them carefully, studying them. “You are having a girl?” it was phrased like a question, but really wasn’t one. Will nodded anyway. “Yeah, it’s a girl.” Dr. Lecter handed the photos back with a smile, returning to the final touches to their sandwiches before plating and handing one over to Will. “Congratulations, William. I must ask, though, do you still plan to give her up after delivery?”

Will shrugged, already chewing a bite. “Yeah, that’s really the plan so far. I don’t know the first thing about being a parent. Hell, Alana would say most days I can’t even take care of myself. Besides, with everything that goes on in my job, I’d never be home, and when I was what are the chances I’m bringing a serial killer home with me. This little girl needs parents with all the time in the world to dote on her.” He didn’t need to say what he was thinking. *She needs people who will ensure she doesn’t end up like her creator…*

The doctor nodded, a knowing light in his eyes as he took a bite of his own sandwich. The two ate in compatible silence for a while, but as Will was picking at the last bits of crust, he found he couldn’t ignore the question burning in his gut. “Doctor Lecter…”

“Hannibal, please,” the doctor cut in with a smile, taking their plates to the sink. “We are not in my office, there is no need to use my title.” Will smiled too. “Hannibal, is there a way to… to *tell* what the baby will…” The Empath trailed off, unsure of how to phrase the question. Dr. Lecter-- *Hannibal,* he reminded himself--set the dishes down in the sink and turned to give Will his full attention. “You want to know if there is a prenatal test that will tell what Subgender an unborn fetus will be. Am I correct?” Will nodded, looking down at the table. He listened to Hannibal’s slow, measured steps as he returned to the island. “Our science has taken us a great distance. We now have tests that can determine if a fetus will be male or female, blind, deaf, any number of genetic anomalies. Unfortunately, it has yet to come up with a way to determine Subgender.” The doctor paused, as if mulling over his next words, and Will forced himself to meet the older man’s face. “What? What is it, what aren’t you telling me?”

Hannibal sighed. “It is an old statistic, one that is not thought to hold much weight.”

“Tell me anyway,” Will practically growled. The doctor sighed. “It is believed that the closer to Heat an Omega is, the higher the likelihood the resulting pup will be Omega. If proper unprotected breeding takes place during Heat, it is a resulting eighty-five percent chance that the infant will be born Omega. Omegas outweigh Alphas roughly three to one, and many older scientists believe that the sperm containing the Omega gene are twenty-three percent faster than the sperm containing the Alpha gene, as gender and Subgender are both

determined by the Alpha. Some psychologists likewise believe that the Alpha can will a certain outcome by constantly maintaining the thought of what they want while copulating. Increased copulation, increased chances."

Will felt sick, the sandwich now a cold lump of something decaying and slimy. Bile rose in his throat. "Doctor Lecter," he croaked, hand covering his mouth in an effort to keep the sandwich down. He could feel his gut clenching painfully. The doctor nodded and motioned for a door graciously nearby, and Will was out of his seat in a flash, barely having time to close the door and lift the lid before he was emptying his stomach contents into the bowl. He was grateful for not having eaten much that day, having been warned before his appointment that it was often better to have a sonogram done on an empty stomach, but even once his stomach was empty he couldn't seem to stop. It was like his body was trying to turn itself inside out.

A sharp ache lanced across his swollen abdomen as Will fell back against the wall, drawing a soft whimper of pain from his raw throat. Distantly he heard a knock on the door, his name being called, and then a glass of water was being pressed into his hand while a strong arm wrapped around his back, hand gripping his neck comfortingly. "Rinse your mouth out, then drink the rest. Slowly, though, you do not want to agitate your abdominal muscles any more. I believe they have had enough of a workout for today." Hannibal's voice was low in his ear, a steady rumble as Will followed orders; letting the Alpha guide him up so he could spit the sour mouthful into the toilet before sipping at the rest of the water, fizz of bicarbonate making his tongue itch strangely. He made a face, feeling the vibration of a chuckle through where his shoulder met the older man's broad chest. "Half a bicarbonate of soda tablet. An old wives remedy my mother taught me. It is meant to settle the stomach and ease the strain on the muscles. She would give it to me when I was ill. I always despised the taste, but it always worked."

Will smiled, eyes closed as he leaned his weight into the Alpha. He felt the glass being removed from his hand, the clink as it was placed on the countertop. His stomach was already starting to settle down. "Sorry about the sandwich," he murmured. Another rumble as Hannibal chuckled. "I will make another for you to take home. Do you think you can stand?" He waited until Will nodded before shifting into a crouch, one hand under Will's armpit to help him to his feet. Once upright, Will swayed for a brief moment before gaining his balance. "Thank you, for everything," he said, turning to the Alpha, cheeks slightly flushed. Hannibal just smiled, having yet to release Will's arm.

Baby Mama Found

Will needed to be fired from his job as a criminologist. *Professional Observer my ass,* he thought to himself as pieces finally started clicking into place in his mind. He'd noticed Alana had seemed to be putting on a little weight in the last couple months, but hadn't thought much about it until they met for lunch a few days after his ultrasound. It was the first time in a while that they'd left his office to eat, and Alana had chosen a Thai place not too far away. "I thought you hated Thai food," Will joked as he eased himself into his chair. Alana was already sitting, but she smiled sheepishly at the jab, a light blush dusting her cheeks. "Yeah, normally I do but I've been craving curry all week, so I finally broke down."

The waiter came by to take their drink orders before disappearing again, and Alana descended upon him. "Spill it, Graham! What are you having and why was I not the first one you called about it?!" Will chuckled. "Cool it, Bloom. It's not my fault you don't answer your phone!" In truth, Will had gotten home from Hannibal's house later that day, put his replacement sandwich in the fridge for later, and had curled up on his bed surrounded by his pack. He tried to take a nap, but his stomach still ached slightly and he couldn't shut off the niggling worry of *Oh God, what if something's wrong with my baby?* He didn't even process that he'd thought of the pup as *his,* only that he'd hurt like someone had stabbed him. He curled as much as he could around the bulge, whimpering softly as pain tugged at him again.

Beside him, Winston whined and nuzzled at Will's pocket before resting his head on his human's hip. The Empath reached out and gave him a scratch behind one ear. The Retriever had become much more protective since Will had started showing. After an hour Will had finally broken down and called Hannibal, the doctor not sounding at all surprised at Will's call, though the Omega's first words of "I think I broke the baby" drew a comforting chuckle through the phone line. He'd managed to calm Will down, asking him the type of pain and the location, and then told him he'd just strained already tense muscles and suggested Will take a warm bath to help ease them a bit. "How do you know so much?" The Omega had mumbled tiredly, rubbing at the underside of his bulge. He could feel the doctor's amused headshake, the little smile Will had become familiar with. "I was a doctor of the body before I became a doctor of the mind. That is part of why I am uniquely familiar with cases such as yours. Now try to get some sleep. If you are still sore when you wake up, try taking a bath or even a sitting shower. And if anything changes or you just worry, please feel free to call. I shall see you later, William."

Will didn't realize he'd zoned out until the waiter was putting their drinks in front of them and asking what they wanted to eat, and Alana was watching him with a raised brow. "Sorry," he mumbled around a gulp of water. Alana stared at him long enough to make him squirm before taking pity on him, giving the waiter their orders and waiting for him to leave before

returning to the topic. “So? What are you having?!” Will couldn’t stop the grin at her enthusiasm. Bev had practically tackled him when she’d found out. “It’s a girl,” he told her, bracing for the piercing squeal he knew was coming. To his complete shock, it didn’t. Instead Alana was staring at him with a look he could only describe as lovestruck, eyes shining and face open like she was lost in a daydream full of unicorns and rainbows and ice cream. Or like she’d seen a picture of really adorable baby animals. “A girl… Oh how exciting!”

Will caught a movement at the edge of the table and realized Alana was rubbing at her stomach. It wasn’t the first time he’d caught her doing it over the last couple months, but he’d always attributed it to something like cramps or gas or indigestion. But he also noted the distinct absence of her travel mug. Back when they'd been in college, Alana had practically lived off coffee, drinking it more often than she had actual solid food, and it was a habit she’d carried over into her career. To see it gone had worried him, but she’d just said she was trying to be a bit healthier and was cutting back. This, though, this was starting to make the hormone-induced slowness of his brain click into action. He thought back on all the instructions he’d been given by the doctor before they’d released him, the do’s and don'ts of what to drink and eat, the warnings of cravings or pains, moodswings…

“Oh my God!” he blurted out, drawing a few strange looks from other patrons and gaining Alana’s full attention. “You’re pregnant!” he hissed, lowering his voice and leaning in toward her. Alana’s face matched her blouse and she nodded slowly, wide smile breaking out over her lips. “Yeah, about three months now.” Will fell back in his chair. “Wow, congratulations, Alana! Who’s the lucky Alpha?” The woman’s smile turned fond as she rubbed at her stomach. She wasn’t quite showing as much as Will was just yet, but she’d started getting soft in her face and her middle. “Her name’s Margot. We actually met at that fundraiser a few months back. It started off as coffee a few times, then she asked me out to dinner and it just… went from there.” Alana was practically blushing like a kid with their first crush, and Will was happy for her, but something cold had landed in his stomach when she’d mentioned her girlfriend’s name.

“You said her name was Margot? Dark hair, big blue eyes?” Alana nodded, brow furrowed in confusion. “Yeah, do you know her?” Will nodded slowly, suddenly freezing in the warm summer air. “Yeah, I think she’s the one who freed me. Her brother was the one who kidnapped and did this to me.” He motioned to his stomach, watching the way Alana’s body stilled, eyes widening to saucers. “Oh God, Will! I had no idea… she mentioned she had a brother who’d agreed to donate but she never…” Alana was beginning to look pale, and Will immediately felt guilty. He reached across the table and took her hand. “It’s alright, Alana. I promise. Margot did nothing wrong, she told me while she was driving me to the hospital that she’d had no idea her brother had kidnapped me until a few days before. That she’d found someone and when she realized what was going on, she helped me get free.”

He offered Alana what he hoped was a convincing smile. The memories didn't hurt quite so much anymore, but he really didn't want to be bringing them up. Especially not when his best friend was apparently pregnant by the sperm he'd helped collect. "She saved my life, Alana, and when she talked about the person she'd found, she had this look in her eye. She hadn't told me who it was, I had no idea the two of you even knew each other, but she'd sounded genuinely happy. I'm happy for the both of you." Alana's face softened, color returning to her cheeks. "Thank you, Will…"

By that time their food had arrived, so the two tucked in, talking amicably about how Will's classes and Alana's practice was going, which students were going to end up together or dropping out, how Will's pack was doing and if the fish in Will's little creek were biting. Will complained about his waders not fitting properly anymore and Alana laughed at him between bites of curry. She asked him how his sleeping was, if he'd been having mood swings or any particularly strange cravings, and he answered that his sleeping hadn't changed all that much other than the fact that he no longer had the issue of sleepwalking as he was already getting up every few hours to pee, and that as of right now his weirdest craving had been for a peanut butter sandwich with pickle slices and cheese.

The two parted after lunch, Will to get back to work and Alana to an appointment with a patient. Will promised to bring his ultrasound stills and Alana promised not to mention anything to Margot. Will didn't want to worry the other woman. She was happy and Mason was dead. Nothing else to worry about. They went their separate ways, and Will found himself feeling just a little lighter, like a weight he didn't know he had was just passed on to another.

Dry Cleaners have the Best Hangers

Chapter Summary

This is not a happy chapter

Will was numb as he stumbled into his cabin. It was late, a late end to a long couple weeks. It had been a case, kids going missing. Omegas. Barely past puberty. They followed leads, looked at the scenes. There was no pattern. Some kids were taken from bus stops, some from parks, from their bedrooms, from field trips, from supermarkets. Twelve kids they knew of at the time of the case. Twelve children with frantic parents, from schools put into full lockdown because nobody could figure out where they went or why they were taken. Boys, girls, white, black, Asian, the only pattern they could find was that they were all Omegan children roughly between the ages of 11 and 13, and they were gone. No bodies, no witnesses.

Will mechanically put food down for his dogs before laying on his bed, staring into space, seeing their faces. They'd caught a break three days ago, someone reported seeing a kid who looked like one of the missing in a black sedan. The FBI had taken it and run. Nobody slept, they ate only when their stomachs begged them to. That day they caught it. A parking violation. A fucking *parking violation.* That is what had saved them. The guy was a tire into a fire lane for an old warehouse. It was mostly used as overflow for a string of bigger companies. It was perfect. Will had insisted on being there when they went in. Jack had complied under one condition: Will stayed back behind the cruisers until the All Clear. As soon as the gunfire ended Will was first in the building. At least a dozen bunk beds littered the warehouse; pushed against walls, squeezed between pallets, freestanding on full view in the middle of the room. And for every bed, there were at least three mattresses set up across the floor.

Dozens of young Omegas, anywhere from ten to seventeen huddled against one another, doing their best to become one with the pallets and boxes around them while their captors lay dead, injured, or in handcuffs around them. Will felt like he was going to be sick. "This is a sex trafficking ring…" he mumbled to himself, looking around, taking in everything. He could see it. They'd snatch the kids they know can fetch top dollar, sell them to the highest bidding Alpha. He'd heard that in some states, the wealthier Alphas will have up to three or four Omegas in their household like some new-age Harem. He made his way to the closest group of huddled Omegas, the oldest looking maybe 16, hoarding the younger ones toward her like some kind of mother hen. "It's alright, we're the FBI," he told them, crouching and letting them see the badge he pulled off his belt. "We're here to take you home."

Will had stayed until the paramedics had checked the children out and loaded them into vans and ambulances. Families would be contacted to meet them at the hospital. The twelve who were most recent were fine, a little dehydrated, a little bruised but ultimately fine. Many of the others were in similar conditions, malnourished and thin. The older ones had dull eyes, empty faces. They moved in unconsciously sensuous steps, like they'd forgotten how to walk like children. *These children will never be the same. They will never be children again.* He wondered how many would heal, how many would try to put their lives right again. *How many will end up going back to selling themselves…*

Jack was the one who sent him home. "We're just processing the scene, Will. You don't need to be here for this part." So Will turned and walked back to his car, drove home and only realized he'd been driving when he was pulling up in front of Wolf Trap. *I hope I stopped for red lights.* The dogs greeted him enthusiastically, running out to do their business and stretch their legs before running back in. Only Winston seemed to really notice his Human's odd behavior. As Will crouched to put food in his bowl, the golden retriever bumped his snout against his Human's hand. This drew a small smile, and Winston felt better.

Will blinked as the ceiling swirled and blurred above him. He knew he shouldn't fall asleep like that, baby weight being bad for his spine and all, but he didn't care. He noted the chips in the plaster, the crack near the outer wall, probably a little water damage. He'd fix it once he was allowed on a ladder again. He lost track of time, listening to the distant sounds of his pack as they finished eating and made themselves comfortable on the floor, their breaths huffing as they slowed. Then he was left alone to the stillness, and his mind took advantage, drawing the images of the children from the warehouse. The place had reeked of sex and fear and unwashed bodies. *How many times did the captors take out their boredom on those children? Or did they save them so they could pimp them out, sell them off.* He saw a ten year old girl clinging to the hand of a fourteen year old boy, both of them with dull, lifeless eyes and bruises around their wrists.

The images dredged up memories. Jakey and Sasha and Natalie. The twins. *I never learned their names…* Margot was taking care of them, she promised she would. *They'll get to keep their pups, nobody will do that to them again.* But they'd never get the chance at a childhood. They were parents when they should be in school learning about the World Wars and Composition, trying out for the football team and getting asked out to the prom. Will's throat burned and his eyes stung. *What world do we live in that Omegas are treated in such a way? When did their lives become so much less valuable than the Alpha…* He thought of the Breeding Dens he'd been dragged to on cases. *Selling yourselves for extra cash. Selling your womb.* He thought of the woman who murdered Alphas and Omegas and switched out their reproductive organs. *I'm making it right!* She'd cried when they arrested her, knife at the throat of an Alpha female who couldn't be older than 23. *I'm evening the score! If Alphas reproduced too, then the stakes would be even! The government would care!* She'd miscarried

in month eight. In month six they'd discovered complications. If the pup made it through delivery they wouldn't live to see their first birthday. She'd begged for an abortion, but no one would give her one.

Will couldn't breathe. His head felt like it was going to split open from all the horror, the injustice. *What kind of world have we allowed this to become?* He gripped at the sheets in a desperate attempt to ground himself, and that's when he felt it; a slight thump against his spine, a push just left of his right kidney. He froze, one hand pressing to the apex of his bump, the other to the bottom. He felt the shift beneath his skin, pushing at it. His breath stopped. *She was moving*...

The little girl he'd been carrying for five months, the one nonconsensually forced upon him, into him. *Twenty-three percent faster. Eighty-five percent more likely*... they couldn't pinpoint when the seed had taken, they guessed it roughly within the first few days of captivity… Will was drowning, gaping like a fish but the room was airless, dead silent. He'd tried, oh God he'd tried, but they wouldn't…

He flailed, tumbling out of his bed and rushing for the bathroom. He heaved, but nothing came up. He'd had little more than water and a granola bar Jimmy had shoved into his hand the day before. His throat was raw. Maybe if his stomach tried hard enough, it could force up the shrimp dish Hannibal had made for dinner the week before. His face was wet and slimy, slipping against the seat as he pressed his fevered brow against the cool porcelain. He heaved again, spitting up bile. Pain lanced through his abdomen, and he felt her shift in irritation at being disturbed. She was in his belly, like the story about the woman who swallowed the watermelon seed. *Don't eat the seeds, Willie,* his mom would warn. *Watermelons will start growing in your belly and come out your ears!* Maybe if he retched hard enough, he'd vomit her out too. Like a watermelon.

The world we live in doesn't respect watermelons, he thought, forcing himself to his feet. He felt hot, everything was spinning around him. *Gotta protect your watermelon. Gotta keep her safe from the world.* He stumbled into the kitchen, blindly searching the cabinets until he unearthed the bottle of cheap whiskey somebody had brought as a Christmas gift. It wasn't his taste, so he'd stuck it into a cabinet and forgotten about it. He downed a shot in one go, heat instantly rushing through his body and leaving him numb in its wake. He took another, mind slowing enough for him to pick out the individual thoughts. *If they're not going to help me, I'll have to help myself*... He'd grown up in the aftermath of the 70's court case, he remembered the signs, the relief. He remembered the stories his momma would tell him about the truly desperate Omegas, about the woman who ran an apothecary shop in the French Quarter, who'd help desperate Omegas in the room she kept up in the back. They'd go in with a situation and come out walking funny, but their situation would be taken care of. *I've got myself a situation, Mama Loushei. I gotta get myself out of it.*

He searched his mind, but it was like moving through syrup. His mother had told him once of all the different things desperate Omegas would use. He clicked through them one by one, downing another shot of whiskey before pouring himself a proper glass. His body was warm, buzzing almost pleasantly. His eyes traveled his living room, cataloguing. *No, no, no. No good…* Nothing was going to work!

He rubbed at his belly, taking a sip of the whiskey, feeling the thing inside him squirm as the alcohol warmed his body, slowed him down. It was no longer a pup, no longer a tiny human. *Not a watermelon…* it was a tumor. A cancer growing inside him. He had to get it out before it killed him.

It crept up into his mind, tiny nails digging into his brain matter. *In the closet…* it hissed, digging through the soft tissue until it unearthed the memory; Alana had picked him up from the hospital. She'd told him she picked up his suit from the dry cleaners. She'd hung it in his hall closet. His glass dangled from his fingers as he made his way toward the rarely used closet, stumbling as the floor heaved briefly beneath him. Like it was breathing; sighing. It took him three tries to grab the handle and yank it open, eyes landing on the slightly dusty plastic bag the cleaners sent it out with. It hung there unassumingly, mockingly. He'd been dragged along to that party; an awards ceremony. Someone was getting awarded for something else, Will had no idea who or what, but he'd been dragged along anyway.

He'd spent the entire night avoiding people and wishing he was home with his dogs, using Alana as a human shield until she got pulled away to discuss psychopathologies. He got his chance to escape when a rather drunk admin had spilled wine all down Will's front. Alana made him take it to the dry cleaners the next day, saying he needed at least one good suit, and that she didn't want him showing up to something big smelling like sour grapes.

Suddenly angry, *furious,* he ripped the suit from the rod, hanger bending pathetically and coming loose, clattering to the floor and leaving the suit and bag limp in Will's fist. He stared at the metal triangle for a long time, brain clicking over like a busted record; scratching and squeaking and trying to catch. Finally it did. The suit slid to the floor with a sigh of escaping air and Will stooped to pick the hanger up, whiskey sloshing out of the glass as it tipped. He frowned down at the amber puddle next to his foot. Clutching the hanger tight in one hand, he stumbled back into the kitchen and grabbed the bottle.

The bathtub. Easier to clean. Lots of things happen in bathtubs… he stripped out of his jeans and boxers, tripping and falling hard against the wall as waistbands caught around his ankles

like restraints. The thing in his stomach squirmed again. Getting himself untangled was more like wrestling an octopus than it had any right to be, and he was soaked with sweat by the time he sank into the bathtub, chest heaving. He reached over the edge of the tub, fingers scrabbling to hook onto his belt loop, pulling the discarded jeans closer, fumbling out his phone. The screen blurred dizzyingly before coming back into a vague imitation of focus. He hit a number on speed dial and lifted it shakily to his ear, staring at the glass of whiskey and the bottle he'd propped on the side of his tub while he listened to it ring.

The line clicked. " *William? I was wondering if you were going to call. Jack told me about the case. Were all the children alright?"* Hannibal's tone was familiar, calming. Will felt his breathing slow. "I swallowed a watermelon seed," he croaked, voice barely above a whisper as he rubbed at the bump in his stomach. "Only it's not a watermelon, it's a tumor…" the line was silent for a long moment, Will spending it drawing idle shapes onto the pale, stretched skin. *Lightning bolts,* he thought, tracing a stretch mark.

" *William, is everything alright?"* the doctor sounded concerned. *Worried,* Will's foggy brain provided. "I th'nk 've reached that d'press'n phase you mentioned, D'ctor Lecter…" he slurred, the warmth of the whiskey deadening his limbs, threatening to drag him down. His toes and fingers were still cold, though… Maybe he needed some more? He reached for the whiskey, but his numb fingers missed and it tipped over, sending glass and bottle crashing to the tile. Amber liquid puddled all over the lip of the tub from where it sloshed, running over the side like tears. "Oops…" he mumbled, tongue feeling swollen and uncoordinated. Distantly he heard a door slam, and it took him a moment to realize it was coming from the other end of the phone. *"William? What happened?"* More concern.

"Noth'n," he said, tracing a line of amber with his finger. "J'st dropp'd somthin'. I keep think'n 'bout them, Hanni'ble. I see their faces, starin' at me. Wh't kinda world do we live in… th't lets this h *a* ppen?" His eyes and throat were on fire, vision blurry with alcohol and tears. " *I do not know, William. It is a wicked world we live in, but we choose our own destiny.* " The doctor's voice sounded funny, like he was standing away from the phone. Will rubbed at his swollen belly, feeling another nudge as the thing inside him shifted again. "I can't… I can't…" A sob rose up in his throat to choke him. The phone was hot where it was pressed against his already feverish face. *"What is it, Will? What can you not do?"* Hannibal's voice was soothing over the phone, reminding Will of the nights he'd fall asleep listening to it. His breath shook as he pulled it into his lungs. *Steady hand. Gotta keep a steady hand… "* I can't let th's little girl into a world that's goin' to allow these th'ngs to happ'n to her. Th's world doesn't *care* about Omegas. 'M not g'nna let th's baby be 'nother vict'm."

He heard another intake of breath, but couldn't tell which side of the phone it had come from. "Not gonna let her be a victim…" he repeated, letting the phone drop over the side of the tub as he picked up the coat hanger. The thin wire had bent in his grip, and he stretched it out into

an O. *So unassuming*... he could remember the year his mother's church had put on a Christmas pageant. They'd used hangers like this one for halos. Had wrapped them in gold tinsel that itched like crazy.

He continued to tug and bend at it, shaping it until it resembled one of those bubble wand sticks he always saw kids playing with during the summer. He stared at it for a long time, breathing deep. His mind conjured memories again, the children from the warehouse who lost the whole lives ahead of them, Natalie and Jakey and what had been done to them, and others. God only knew how many others. Omegas who lost their innocence to strangers, to family members, to family friends; who were forced to carry the betrayal because the Law of Alpha had decided what was best. *You are of proper bonding age. You should have settled down to start a family, not strutting around flaunting yourself.*

"The world has no respect for the eighty five percent," he whispered to his bump, to the creature living inside it. He pulled his legs up, flinging one over the side of the tub and pressing the rounded end of the homemade tool against his hole. He hadn't dared so much as even go near the puckered ring since his kidnapping. In the shower he tried to wash down there as briskly as possible, hadn't even taken himself in hand. His dreams when he dreamed were anything but pleasant, full of blood and pain and unimaginable violation. And now he was about to violate himself.

His brain was muddled and full of fog, like trying to wade through the swamps. His heart pounded against his ribcage, loud in his ears. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and thrust inward.

Pain Makes the World Clearer

Chapter Summary

This is also not a happy chapter

It hurt. He'd been expecting pain, but nothing compared to this. He'd been shot, stabbed, broken bones and had been raped, but none of that pain compared to what he was feeling as the cold implement pressed into his hole. Rough metal caught and tugged at his sensitive flesh, dragging as the wire form pushed deeper inside. Will choked on a sob, tied between forcing himself to go deeper and finish the job or pull back. He gave another shaky push, pain stabbing through his body, burning away the fog in his mind like midday sun. He let go, chest tight as he fought back the panic. "Oh God," he choked, hands leaving bloody smears as they slipped against the sides of the tub, refusing to gain traction. He struggled for a hold, tried to lever himself out of the tub, out of the blood that only made it worse, streaking across his pale flesh like war paint. He got a foot under himself, got a hand around the edge of the tub.

He slipped, collapsing back into the tub with a broken cry, feeling the hanger shift, force itself deeper. He could feel blood soaking the hem of his shirt, run down his thighs and coat his skin. Tears were streaming down his cheeks as he tried to get a grip on the end of the hanger, but metal covered in blood was slick, and all he managed was to make his fingers ache. He couldn't breathe, without the haze of alcohol his brain was racing like the Indy 500, unable to process anything more complex than pain, pain, PAIN… Something was sitting on his chest, compressing his lungs and smothering him. He imagined what he must look like, pregnant and covered in blood and gasping like a fish, tears and snot running down his face.

Through the rush of blood and panic in his ears he made out what he thought was a thump, but what was probably one of the dogs. He was a little surprised none of them had come running in yet. He clutched at his bump. The squirming inside had gone still. A sob tore its way out of his throat, bouncing back at him from the walls, echoed in the tiny space created by the tub sides. Every shift sent pain through his body as it jostled the hanger. Stupid, stupid, stupid! What was he going to do now? He'd thrown his phone, he couldn't get to it. He couldn't get himself out of the tub, and if he called an ambulance it was going to mean questions. Alana, Jack, Bev, they'd all want to take him to the hospital. They'll collar you for this, you moron. They'll collar you until you have it, if it even survives, that is… They'll collar you and then you're going to jail for another Alpha to make you their bitch…

The world was spinning away from him quickly, the air whistling as he tried to pull it into his desperate lungs. He did his best to shift, to curl away from the pain like a wounded animal might, but every move seemed to impale the hanger deeper inside him. In his mind he was back on that bench being raped all over again. Only this time it was all his own doing.

Distantly, he heard someone calling his name. “William?” Will stilled. Doctor Lecter? He tried to shift, to do something to let the doctor know where he was, but any movement just drew whimpers of pain from him, so he opted to keep still. Footsteps echoed on the wood floor and a moment later Dr. Lecter was stepping into view. He looked different without his usual tailored suit and slicked back hair. Almost strange. The man standing in his doorway had the face and the demeanor of the psychologist, but he wore a pair of well-worn looking jeans and a sweater. His hair was brushed back but product free, face creased in concern.

He stood in the doorway a long moment, dark eyes roving over Will, cataloging everything. Will felt an ironic blush creeping to his likely already tomato red cheeks. Finally the face shifted, dropping from cataloging blankness to one of concerned worry. He came forward slowly, when all Will wanted at that moment was for the Alpha to pull him into his arms and make the pain go away. “William, what happened?” the Alpha asked, kneeling next to the tub and cupping one rough, warm hand around Will’s wet cheek. What happened. Not what did you do, not what were you thinking… what happened. Will let another sob escape. “I fucked up, I fucked up so bad,” he choked, clutching to the hand in case Hannibal decided what Will had tried to do was so awful he couldn’t bear to touch him anymore.

“Myimliasis, take a deep breath. I need you to calm down and tell me what happened?” the doctor’s voice was soothing, steady, maroon eyes holding Will’s captive as his thumb stroked across Will’s cheekbone, catching the tears that refused to stop falling. Will’s breath stuttered in his chest. “I couldn’t do it. I tried to save her, I--I couldn’t let her be born into this world, but I couldn’t do it. It-- it hurt, and there was so much blood, and I ca--an’t… I can’t get it--” he broke off has another wave of sobs stole control of his voice. He was cold, and he hurt, and all he could think was that this was so much worse than anything Mason had put him through.

Hannibal was cradling his head, running fingers through his sweaty, tangled curls and shushing him softly. “William, myimliasis I need you to look at me, can you do that?” Will sucked in a wobbly breath and blinked up at the doctor’s blurry face. “I am going to help you,” he continued, “but I need you to calm first. Right now your muscles are tensed, that is why you are in so much pain. I need you to relax and do as I say. Can you do that?” Will nodded, rubbing at his wet face with one sleeve, only to find that he’d left smears of blood behind. He sniffled, breath still shaking in his chest as he willed himself to calm down and relax his tensed muscles. Hannibal continued to rub at his scalp, smiling comfortingly. “Good job, William,” he complimented. “I need to be able to see what’s happened though, and I cannot do that while you are in the bathtub, so I am going to help you out. Can we do that?”

Will shook his head vigorously, thinking back on the last time he’d tried to get out of the tub. “No,” he whimpered, eyes starting to burn again. “No, I’m gonna slip, an’ it’s gonna make it worse--” Hannibal shushed him with a thumb against his lips. “That was because you were trying to do it alone and in a weakened state. I will help you, I will not let you fall. Understood?” the doctor waited until he received Will’s nod before standing, bracing one booted foot inside the tub, the other against the tile floor, and bending down to get his arms around Will; the Empath wrapping his arms tightly around the Alpha’s neck and burying his face into the older man’s collar. “On the count of three, I want you to brace your feet against the end of tub, can you do that?” the voice was a low rumble in Will’s bones. “Right where my foot is, that way you will not slip. Ready?”

He counted off slowly, and before Will knew it he was being lifted out of the tub, feet slipping on the bloody surface before knocking painfully against the side, but Hannibal's strong arms were holding him steady. He was led out of the tub, biting back whimpers as the hanger shifted inside him, jabbing at his soft insides every time movement jostled it. He felt blood run down the insides of his thighs as he was carefully lowered to his back on the cold tile. Hannibal released him long enough to pull a towel off the hook on the wall and slide it under Will's hips before he was back, pushing the younger man's knees up and out of the way to better examine the situation, fingers prodding clinically around Will's hole, face back to a professional mask. He spread Will's asscheeks, giving the metal an experimental tug that had the Omega biting back a hiss. He looked up. "You managed to wedge this inside you rather well, William," he said, voice holding no judgement but still somehow managing to make Will's guts churn with guilt. "Did you curve it into a hook? Or did you simply flatten it out?"

"Flattened," Will whispered, forcing himself to keep his eyes on the doctor. Hannibal nodded, looking back down at the protruding end for a brief moment. "That is good, that limits the amount internal damage. I can get this out, William, but it is going to hurt. Do you understand that?" Will nodded, numb cold seeping through his body. His heart was still pounding away in his ears like waves during a hurricane. What was a little more pain on top of what you've already put yourself through. Hannibal offered a comforting smile, shifting forward until the back of one of Will's thighs was pressed against his side, grounding him. "Alright, William. I am going to need you to bear down on it, can you do that? You are going to need to bear down, and try and relax your pelvic muscles. If you tighten them, it will only make this harder and lead to more risk of injury."

Will nodded, taking a deep breath and propping himself up on his elbows. Hannibal pressed one warm, firm hand to his pelvis, the other wrapping around the end of the hanger. And then he was tugging.

Will pushed, grunts escaping his throat as his face grew hot with the pressure. He could feel the doctor's fingers pressing into him, stretching him to make room for the hanger to come out. It burned, deceptively rough metal on abused skin setting him on fire. He could feel it shifting, sliding, being extracted bit by bit. Distantly he heard Hannibal whispering encouragements to him, could feel the steady pressure of his hand as he grounded the Empath.

Something inside him seemed to pop, and Will screamed, falling back against the tile. Pain was racing through his body like a poison, Hannibal's hands suddenly iron vices as they pressed him down, kept him still. "No!" he cried, trying to pull away, pull away from the pain and the blood. "Please, God, please stop! Make it stop!" Hannibal was stroking at his leg, at his arm, his stomach, trying to get his attention. Trying to get him to calm down but he couldn't. Pain was slicing through him, radiating up from his groin and down his limbs. He couldn't breathe, couldn't think. Heavy weight was pressing down on him, slick hands clutching at his shoulders, at his face. "William, Will, listen to me. I need you to calm down. Everything is alright, you need to breathe. I'm almost done, myimliasis, I need you to breathe, and I need you to calm down so I can finish because if you are this tense it will only make it worse."

He could hear the words, but his brain wouldn't process them. All he could do was cry out. He felt like his insides were being ripped out, like the hanger had somehow fused with his guts and was determined to take them with it. His chest was heaving, but he wasn't getting any air. His vision was growing darker. He could feel Hannibal's hands on him, holding him, stroking him, but he felt detached. Fading. Like he was underwater. Another bolt of pain lanced through his body, dragging a small whimper from his mouth. The world spun away into darkness.

The Bonding of Two Souls

Chapter Summary

This IS a happy chapter. fun sexy time toward the end.

Someone was holding him. Strong arms were wrapped around him, cradling his swollen belly, a warm hand pressed over his heart. He was comfortable, warm. His ass and body ached dully, and he could feel the bulk of padding as he shifted, pressing back into the solid body behind him. Hot breath ghosted across the back of his neck, drawing a shiver up his spine. He was surrounded by the scent of dog and him and spices and *Alpha.* The corners of his lips curled into a smile and he blinked opened his eyes. He was laying in his bed, dressed in a fresh shirt and a pair of loose cotton shorts, sheets pooled down around his feet. The hands that held him were clean and tan and blood free, as were his own where they sprawled before him.

“How are you feeling?” the low voice rumbled, face nuzzling the back of his neck before warm lips pressed a small kiss to the spot behind his ear. “Mmm…” he hummed, curling further into the heat at his back. “Sore, stupid… How’s my baby?” Hannibal rubbed gentle circles into the swollen flesh. “She is perfectly fine. You scratched your inner walls, that was where all the blood came from. It is nothing that shouldn’t heal itself in a few days with antibiotics and perhaps suppositories. I do want you to see someone, though. Just to make sure everything truly is alright.” He must have felt Will tense in his arms at the idea of going to see someone. “It would be an old friend of mine. She specializes in the more… discrete sides of medicine. Perfectly safe. I promise. It would just be an ultrasound and a rectal exam, likely she will insist on a tetanus shot as well.”

The doctor fell silent after the reassurance, and Will tried to relax back into him, but the Empath could tell something was wrong. “Out with it,” he mumbled, pressing his elbow back into Hannibal’s rib playfully. He felt the older man’s sigh against his back. “That was incredibly reckless of you, William. Do you not realize how many things could have gone wrong? Did you truly hate the thought of this child being an Omega that you were willing to risk your own life to rid yourself of her?” There was audible pain in the Alpha’s voice, and Will felt his gut writhe like it was full of snakes. “ *Myimliasis,* I cannot tell you how many times I’ve seen Omegas come through surgery after attempting things like this. Perforated bowels, hemorrhaging, infection… The last surgery I performed was on a fifteen year old Omega. She’d gotten pregnant by her boyfriend, and she was too scared to tell her parents. She tried to pierce the fetus with a knitting needle, but she missed and pierced her bowels. She went into sepsis and bled out on the table…”

Will felt his eyes burn, more than a little surprised that he even still had tears left to shed. The pain in the doctor's voice was quiet but raw. Will squirmed around in his arms until he was chest to chest, clutching the Alpha's face between his hands. The older man's eyes were suspiciously bright, but his face gave nothing away as he gazed down at Will. Hannibal didn't talk about his past, at least not like this. He never told Will about his time as a surgeon, the things he'd seen. He only answered the questions Will asked, not volunteering anything more personal. He tugged the Alpha's head down to his level and pressed a soft, chaste kiss to his lips. "I'm sorry," he mumbled against them, not willing to pull back. His eyes had slipped closed as warmth spread through his body and fireworks crackled behind his lids. "I never meant for things to get that bad… I just couldn't let my baby be born into a world that was going to treat her this way…"

He felt Hannibal's smile against his lips, felt the older man's large hands cup his hips, rub at his belly. He felt the little girl inside him shift, and he didn't think he'd ever feel happier than at that moment. *She'd lived, she'd fought and she'd lived…* The chest pressed against his rumbled, and this time he pulled back to meet those maroon eyes. "What is it?"

"That is the second time you referred to her as yours. Does this mean you intend to keep her?" Will felt his eyes widen, realizing he *had* referred to the pup as his. "Only if you take care of her with me." the words were out of his mouth before he even realized it, and he felt a hot blush rising up in his cheeks, but Hannibal's eyes were shining in amusement, the smile on his face content and loving. "Of course, *myimliasis…"* and then he was leaning down, pulling Will as close as his pregnant belly would allow and taking his mouth in a slow, sensual kiss that made Will's toes curl and his heart race. "Take me," he whispered between kisses. "Bond me, Hannibal. Make me yours and no one else's…" The doctor pulled back with a smile, Will's lips following wantingly. "When you are healed, *myimliasis*. I do not wish to cause you any further pain, but when you are healed I will take you and make you mine."

Will moaned at the promise and the idea of having to wait, but he knew Hannibal was right. He had done a number on himself, and it wouldn't do him any favors if he let his eagerness get the best of him. Instead he curled into the broad chest of his Alpha, eyes drooping in sudden fatigue. "Sleep, William," Hannibal murmured into his hair, rubbing patterns into his back. "I will still be here when you wake up."

“What are you going to name her?” Hannibal was standing in front of Will’s stove, a fish the Empath had caught and frozen a few weeks ago sizzling in the pan as the doctor seasoned it with spices and lemons. Will sat at the table watching him, one hand resting on his stomach. They’d just gotten back from the Alpha’s doctor friend, an older Omegan woman with steel grey hair and a no nonsense expression that had melted into a warm smile when she saw the psychologist. “Hannibal!” she’d exclaimed, wrapping the much larger man in a tight hug, Hannibal having to stoop to return the embrace, greeting her with a kiss to her brown, withered cheek. “You never come to see me anymore! What, too much of a big shot mind doctor now to visit your body doctor friends?” Will had been surprised to see a light dusting of pink under the Alpha’s olive complexion.

“William, this is Doctor Zahana Dubois. She trained with me at John Hopkins and is one of the finest doctors I know. Zahana, this is William.” Will held out a hand, only to stumble over his feet when he was pulled into a startlingly tight hug. *For such a tiny woman, she has some strength on her.* After a second, Will returned the embrace. Dr. Dubois smelled surprisingly not of latex and antiseptic, but of spices and sun and weathered landscapes. When the petite woman finally released him he was almost sad to have to let her go. She took a step back, dark brown eyes roving over Will, studying him, analyzing him. Will was starting to feel an awkward squirming at the base of his spine when she clicked her tongue and locked his eyes with her own. “Oh honey, you sure did a number on yourself, didn’t you…”

She’d had him lay on the table with his feet in a set of stirrups for the exam, and Hannibal had let the Empath cling to his hand the entire time. She’d done the pelvic exam first, determining that Will had scratched his inner lining, but that there appeared to be no extensive damage. The ultrasound had shown his baby to be perfectly fine, apparently no worse for wear after the ordeal Will had put them both through, though they would have to wait and see if the alcohol had affected her in any way after birth. She’d sent him away with a prescription for medicated suppositories to be applied once a day for the next two weeks, but after that only if he felt any discomfort during a bowel movement.

Hannibal had driven them back to Wolf Trap one handed, his other still held captive by the chagrined Omega in the passenger seat. He only gained use of it again when he sat Will down at the kitchen table with orders to stay while he made them an early dinner.

Will was brought back to the present by a kiss to the forehead, smiling as he tilted back his head, readily accepting one on his lips. Kissing Hannibal was quickly becoming one of his new favorite things. “ *Myimliasis?* Did I lose you to that fantastic mind of yours?” Will felt a blush warm his cheeks. “Sorry…” he mumbled, leaning his head into the warm softness of his Alpha’s sweater. A chuckle rumbled through his makeshift pillow like thunder. “No need to apologize, *myimliasis.* I shall just ask again. Do you have a name in mind for our child?”

Will smiled into the Alpha's belly. *Our child.* He rubbed circles into his bump as he thought, a name quickly rising from the shadows of his mind.

"Abigail," he mumbled definitively. Abigail Hobbs had been a young girl he'd met when he first joined in on the FBI. She'd been about fifteen at the time, and he'd met her while investigating a series of murders involving girls in their late teens who looked a lot like her. The latest victim had been her friend, so they'd interviewed her and her mother about the last time they'd seen the victim. Her father was a suspect, but didn't become their primary until the vic's brother went missing too. When they went to bring him in, they found his wife dead on the porch. He'd taken his daughter hostage, but killed himself instead. She'd become ward to the state when no other family could be found, and Will had been in the process of filing for custody when she'd suffered an aneurysm and died. It had been the closest Will had ever come to being a parent, and had been the first and last time he'd actually wanted to be one. That was part of why he'd wanted to give this child up for adoption when abortion wasn't allowed.

He felt Hannibal's hum of approval, long fingers carding through his curls and rubbing into his pressure points. "Abigail… Hebrew for *Father's Joy,* if I am not mistaken. How fitting. Our Abigail, our beautiful miracle…"

Will's week of healing passed, but Hannibal made him wait one more just to be safe. Will still spent most of his nights at Wolf Trap with his dogs and his days at the FBI, but Hannibal often brought him lunch if he didn't have a patient and would either have Will over for dinner or send him home with something to eat. He stayed the night on occasion, but had made it clear he detested waking up covered in dog hair. Will's laughter and comment that he was a plushie had meant the Empath was on his own for meals the following few days until he made it up to the Alpha. After that, it was primarily Will spending the night at Hannibal's if they did.

On the night Hannibal finally deemed him healed, they were enjoying a delicious steak and vegetable dinner at the Alpha's home. They'd sat across from one another, ankles brushing under the table as they enjoyed their dinner. As Hannibal moved to take their plates away, Will caught him by the arm, tugging him down until their lips met. He could taste the wine the other man had had with dinner (Will having had sparkling grape juice) and the seasoned rub the older man had used on the meat. He moaned, trying to draw the Alpha closer, only to growl in frustration when the other man pulled away, pecking him on the end of his nose before detangling himself from Will's grasp. "I really must take care of the dishes, William.

If there is one thing I cannot stand, it is crusted remains of a meal sitting and growing odorous in my sink."

Will tried to give him his most injured look, hoping the Alpha would take pity and abandon his misguided mission in favor of taking him up to that giant bed they shared whenever the Omega spent the night. To his irritation, the look only earned him a chuckle before the doctor was disappearing into the kitchen. Will pouted for a moment before climbing to his feet and following the Alpha into the other room, pressing himself up against Hannibal's broad back, bump pressing into the base of the older man's spine as he wrapped his arms around his stomach. "Please," he whispered, rubbing circles into the older man's age-softened but still toned middle, smiling to himself when he felt muscles shiver and arms still where they were scrubbing at a pan. "I want you so bad. I *need* you. I need you inside me. I need you to make me forget what the other did to me…" He felt more than heard the man sigh, a splash telling him that the pan he'd been scrubbing had dropped back into the flooded sink where the rest of the dishes soaked.

He loosened his grip enough to let Hannibal turn before tightening his hold again, tilting back his head until his chin was propped against the older man's breastbone and he was looking up into a pair of amused maroon eyes. "Mmm…" he hummed, one hand tilting Will's chin while he leaned down, breath ghosting across the Omega's lips. "What minx have I found myself ensnared by?" It was a question that demanded no answer, so Will let his eyes close, lips parting in a soft sigh before they were taken in a heated kiss, Alphan tongue probing its way inward and tangling with his own. The slick muscle was pulling moans from Will's throat like some kind of magician's trick, and when the older man pulled away he was left gasping, lips throbbing from the pressure. He slit open his eyes to see Hannibal looking down at him,

complete love burning in his gaze.

"Meet me upstairs," he growled, releasing Will. The Empath turned and started for the stairs, listening to the splashes and clanging as his soon to be lover dealt with the easiest of the dishes, leaving the rest to soak in the sudsy water. He took the stairs as fast as his bulbous stomach and hardening cock would allow, following the hall to the large but surprisingly sparse and comfortable bedroom that was Hannibal's. There was a bookshelf against one wall (because of course there was) with a comfortable wingback chair in front, and a dresser opposite the large closet. More sketches of skylines and landscapes decorated the walls, and Will could admire them with new eyes since Hannibal had told him that he'd drawn them himself.

The bed was huge; easily big enough to hold him and his entire pack with room left over (not that Hannibal would ever allow it). Soft, but firm enough to not make him feel like he was

about to be swallowed, it was blanketed by a warm comforter the color of melted chocolate. Hannibal wasn't one for an overabundance of useless pillows, instead having a comfortable four propped against the headboard. Will lay down, sinking into the velvety softness and the scent of the floral laundry detergent that Hannibal used, but under which he could smell the pure scent of the Alpha. He shuffled back until he was leaning into the pillows, drawing patterns onto his bump and listening for the familiar sound of the doctor coming up the stairs.

His heart was racing in anticipation, but unlike all the times before, this was something he was excited for. He didn't know just when he'd fallen for the doctor, it was something that had snuck up on him slowly until he'd woken up one morning realizing he was head over heels for his psychologist. A psychologist whose heavy footsteps he could hear coming up the stairs towards him. Will felt a grin curl the corners of his lips as Hannibal pushed open the door, deft fingers already working the buttons of his shirt free. He smiled warmly at Will, and the Omega felt a curl of heat in the pit of his stomach.

Hannibal undressed him slowly, sliding warm hands under the old t-shirt Will had stolen from him and sliding it up, up, over his curls before tossing it to the side. He eased Will back against the sheets, kissing lines of fire across the exposed skin, tracing every path his hands made with his lips; across ribs, over his swollen belly, down his sternum. Will arched as best he could into the attention, whimpering as the older man sucked a bruise into the juncture of his neck. "This is where I will mark you, let all the world know that you are mine… and I will rip apart any Alpha who dares disrespect what is mine." Will shivered at the possessive growl that accompanied the Alpha's words, a needy moan escaping his throat as he arched his head, offering up the smooth paleness of his throat.

Lips pressed against his pulse point with the barest hint of teeth that sent electricity through his body. He felt hands tugging at the waistband of his shorts and eagerly lifted his hips, warm air caressing his swollen cock as it sprung free and bumped against the underside of his stomach. The bed shifted and he opened his eyes to see Hannibal kneeling between his spread legs, eyes hungry as he stared down at Will's groin. A pink tongue darted out and licked full lips, and Will swore he nearly came right then and there. The doctor met his gaze and held it as he ran his hands up Will's thighs, thumps pressing into the grooves on either side of Will's cock. "So beautiful…" it was whispered like a prayer, and then Hannibal was bending down, pressing a kiss just under Will's navel before the Empath's cock was being taken in a fiery heat.

Will cried out, pushing up as best he could, trying to get deeper, take more of that delicious heat. A slick tongue ran a stripe from root to tip, dipping into Will's slit, tasting him. A vibration through his shaft seemed to go straight up his spine and to his brain, whiting out everything and filling his head with static. When he came down, his body was tingling with residual energy, every touch of hand or mouth or fabric like an electrical shock skittering

across the surface of his skin. He blinked open his eyes to see Hannibal looking down at him with a smug expression. “I have been told I am good, but I do not believe I have ever seen someone come that quickly with just my mouth.” The Empath felt his face heat up and he resisted the urge to take the nearest pillow and bury his face in it. Or smack the Alpha.

“I’m pregnant,” he mumbled, turning away from that smirk even as it made his insides flutter. “I can’t hold anything the way I used to.” A finger under his chin led to lips pressed against his own, tongue parting them to let itself in and Will gasped as he tasted himself. *Well that’s certainly different.* Hannibal pulled back, smirk dissolving into a fond smile. “That is alright, *myimliasis.* We will simply have to try again.” With those words he was shifting them until the Empath found himself on his hands and knees, a warm weight pressed against the backs of his thighs. “Relax for me, *myimliasis.* I will not hurt you.”

Will released a breath he hadn’t known he was holding, body relaxing into the hands that were holding his hips. He heard a click, and then a single finger prodded at his hole, wriggling its way past the muscular rings and pausing often to give Will’s body time to adjust. By the time it was fully in, caressing his internal walls and pumping slowly, Will was panting, already feeling a stirring in the pit of his gut. After an eternity, one finger became two, scissoring him open with the utmost care. He groaned, pushing back into the hand, willing the fingers in farther, wishing it was the Alpha’s cock already. Then those fingers found the spot inside him that Will thought he’d lost all access to, and his arms trembled in their attempt to keep him upright. Fingers probed at it again and he cried out, elbows buckling, but he was saved from collapse by an arm under his chest. “I take it that action was well received,” the low voice chuckled in a tone that was much too self assured for Will’s liking.

He shoved his hips back, impaling himself on those fingers and listening to the low groan from their owner. “Get moving,” he growled, pulling back just a bit before thrusting himself down again. “Get moving before I take matters into my own hands and find someone who will.” It was an empty threat and they both knew it, but it was enough to draw a growl from the Alpha and two fingers became three, thrusting and stretching and sending the most wonderful kind of burn through Will’s ass. He whimpered in pleasure, pushing himself back up onto his hands so he could rock into every thrust, hole stretching to accommodate the width, and he could only wonder how big Hannibal was. He’d only ever seen the barest of outlines through sleep pants.

The fingers disappeared and Will whimpered again at the loss, hole clenching around empty air before something blunt and *definitely* bigger than a finger was nudging against it. Will felt himself stiffen unwillingly. One warm hand soothed down his back while the other cradled the apex of his belly. “Shh…” Hannibal whispered, like he was calming a startled animal. *I guess in a way he is,* Will thought to himself, breathing deeply through his nose and trying to

will his body to calm. “William, *myimliasis,* we need only do what you are comfortable doing. If you are not ready for this it can wait. We have all the time in the world, there is no rush for this.”

Will shook his head, steadying his breathing. “No, no. I want this. I want *you.* I want to remember that you are not him. He’s dead and he isn’t coming back. I’m not going to let him control me.” He felt the hesitation radiating off the man behind him and willed himself to relax, rocking his hips back until he could feel the Alpha’s thick cock bumping against his crack. Hands gripped his hips, more of a caress than a vice, and then the older man was pushing in inch by inch, giving Will’s body what felt like hours at a time to adjust. He was big. Not quite as thick as Mason, but he was longer, filling Will’s channel deliciously as he pushed in until finally he was flush against Will’s ass, lightly furred balls bumping against Will’s own and adding their own zing of sensation to the fullness inside him.

So full, he thought, releasing a groan as his walls contracted around the cock inside him. Hannibal hadn’t even moved yet and Will already felt like he was going to explode. *Full of cock, full of child, imagine what you’ll look like filled with* his *pups…* His Alpha’s thrusts were slow, deep, rocking Will with each movement. “You take my cock so well, *myimliasis.* My Omega, like your hole was made for taking my length, stretching around me so beautifully. I wish you could see how beautiful you are stretched around me.” Will groaned at the husky tone behind the older man’s words, pushing back and impaling himself as far as he could, trying to take more.

Hannibal continued, not changing pace. “I cannot wait to see you filled with my own seed, round with *my* pup and no one else’s. Maybe I will take you again right after our beautiful Abigail is born; take you and fill you and claim you as my own. You are so beautiful round with child, I bet you will be even more beautiful swollen with my litter.” Will cried out as that thick cock struck his prostate over and over, his own heavy member painfully hard as it bobbed beneath him, too far from anything to gain any friction. His stomach swayed with each thrust and he swore were it not for the grip his Alpha had on his hips he’d have overbalanced and fallen. “Yes,” he babbled, “yes, please! Fill me with your seed fill me until I’m overflowing and I can’t move! Until all I feel is you and your cock and nothing else!”

The older man’s possessive growl set his hair on end. “I am going to fill you until you cannot walk, cannot *sit* without feeling me inside you; feeling my cock buried deep in your greedy little hole. Maybe I will purchase a plug myself, just so I can fill you and plug you so you’ll feel full even when I am not there. Fill you over and over and make sure you never forget who you belong to, you will feel me inside you for days. I want to strap you to this bed, take you as often as I please until you are swollen with my seed and with my child, having me a litter of our own.”

The words were so parallel to the things Mason had told him, yet they didn't make Will feel cold or like his insides were squirming. Instead they set him on fire, every neuron shooting off signals at once, overwhelming his system. Hannibal's thrusts were speeding up, his grip on Will's hips making sure the Empath stayed still, posed beautifully to accept what he was being given. "I bet you could come again, just from this…" the growl was right in his ear, shiver wracking down the Empath's spine and drawing out a broken cry as his prostate was nailed repeatedly and with direct precision. "Fortunately for you, *myimliasis,* I shall save that particular experiment for another time." With that, the Alpha was reaching around, large hand wrapping around Will's weeping cock and stroking it once, twice, three times, thumb flicking over the dripping tip and wrist twisting *just there*...

Will came with a scream, nervous system short circuiting. Teeth sank into the muscles of his neck. *Too much*... too much sensation, too much contact, radio static was blocking out all sound and his vision went fuzzy before fading out all together.

He woke up on his side, the heavy weight of his Alpha's cock still inside him, half hard even after everything they just did, or maybe even hardening again. The warm firmness of the older man's furred chest was pressed into his back, strong arms holding him, cradling his stomach tenderly. Will could feel hot come leaking out of his hole and running down his crack. He felt pleasantly full, a happy moan escaping his throat before an embarrassed blush stole across his cheeks. *Was sex with Hannibal always going to end in him passing out?* He felt the man at his back chuckle, and wondered not for the first time if the psychologist had the ability to read minds as well.

He stretched his neck, feeling the pleasant tug and sting of his fresh bond mark. Warm lips brushed against the back of his neck, lining with the borders of the mark in an open kiss. "Am I right in assuming that was as enjoyable for you as it was for me?" Will nodded, craning his neck back to get a proper kiss from his lover, lips curling as he rolled out of wet sheets and felt the come inside him squish and shift. "Ugh," he croaked. "I need a shower." Hannibal smiled and landed a kiss to Will's cheekbone before pulling out of the Empath's aching hole, body temperature come leaking out. "I believe a shower sounds like a wonderful idea."

Steam had already fogged the mirrors when Will followed his lover into shower, hot water sleusing off his body and turning the last of his muscles to jelly. He closed his eyes and sighed, letting himself be manipulated back into the spray, head tilted so that the water ran through his curls, plastering them to his skull. He went as limp as possible while remaining upright, letting his Alpha take care of him. Hannibal rubbed shampoo into his hair, fingers massaging the younger man's scalp and pulling moans of pleasure from the back of Will's

throat. Will allowed his head to be tilted back, one large hand rinsing the shampoo out while the other made sure the soapy water didn't run into his closed eyes.

After rubbing in a dollop of conditioner into the tangled locks, Hannibal soaped up a washcloth, maneuvered Will out of the spray, and began washing his lover's body with gentle, even strokes. Will hummed under the ministrations, leaning back into the wall behind him as the Alpha rubbed the soapy cloth down his ribs, around his swollen belly, and between his thighs; paying particular attention to his groin and ass. He felt a stirring in the pit of his gut and his member twitched. "You tryin' to kill me?" he slurred, glancing down through his lashes at the Alpha kneeling before him. An Alpha who just grinned innocently. "Trying to kill you with what, sweet William?" He punctuated the question with a tweak to Will's balls and the Empath groaned, cock filling quickly. "Kill me with sex, you horny bastard. This'll be the third time you removed my brains through my dick. You're tryin' to make sure I can't walk ever again. Gonna have to have this baby in a fuckin' wheelchair."

The doctor's chuckle echoed over the sound of water hitting tile and he rose to his feet, cloth hitting the floor with a wet splat as he leaned in, cupping Will's cheeks and taking his lips in a lingering kiss.

He took him again, slowly, the sounds of their lovemaking drowned out by the rush of water around them. Will stood with his legs spread, elbows and forearms braced against the cooling tile while his Alpha pushed into him slowly, one hand stroking the Empath's cock in time with each push and pull. The build was slow, burn inside Will intensifying until he was coming with a grunt, knees giving out and he sank to the floor, Hannibal following, finishing himself off with his hand before rinsing them both, turning off the water, and scooping the half asleep Omega into his arms. Will let his Alpha towel him dry before carrying him to their bed, settling into a dry spot and pulling the blanket up over them. Will snuggled into the warmth and scent of his Alpha feeling thoroughly sexed out and wonderfully sore.

Final Stage: Acceptance

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Push! Come on, you're almost there! Just one more push!"

Will screamed, collapsing back onto the bed, chest heaving. All the drugs had really done was make him loopy and take the edge off. He'd been in labor the last eighteen hours, Hannibal alternating between holding his hand and consulting with the OB. He was exhausted, sweat running in streams down his flushed face. Another jab of pain choked a gasp off before it left his throat, but it was followed by a high pitched, piercing wail. "Oh, God," Will gasped, squinting down in the direction of the source. "What is she?" he mumbled, adrenaline and drugs making him a little delirious but he reached out blindly to where he knew his Alpha was. "Hannibal, what is she?"

Silence made him nervous, and he could hear indistinguishable technobabble before Hannibal was coming near him, a squirming bundle of infant cradled in his arms and the most gorgeous, awestruck smile on his face. "Oh William, *myimliasis,* she's perfect…" Will groaned, fear gripping at his insides. "Hannibal, Alpha *please,* what is she?" His Alpha leaned down, kissing his sweat damp forehead and easing the blanket bundle into his shaky arms. Will stared down at the wrinkly pink face and shock of midnight black hair. A tiny pale hand gripped at his finger and when her paper-thin eyelids blinked open, Will found himself staring into a pair of ice blue eyes. "Oh…" he cooed, index finger rubbing at a pouty bottom lip. The noise of the doctors and nurses faded away until the only three people in the world were Hannibal, Will, and their beautiful little Abigail.

Hannibal leaned in close, cheek pressing against Will's temple as he gazed down at their new bundle. "She is an Alpha, William. Our little survivor is an Alpha. Congratulations, *myimliasis."* Will felt a sob of joy clog his throat, leaning down and pressing a kiss to her damp little head, breathing in the smell of new infant and *Alpha.* His pup was going to be okay, and his Alpha would make sure of it. Life truly was going to be perfectly fine. *Looks like I've reached my final stage… Acceptance.*

~FIN~

Chapter End Notes

DAMN y'all catch on fast! I had 18 hits before I even finished posting! Hope you enjoyed! Kudos and Comments make me very pleased!

Side note: anyone recognize any similarities with what's going on in the news? Particularly all the Americans out there?

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